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The Outlook.

When all the discomforts of boarding at fashionable watering-places are taken into the account, those who are compelled to stay in their city homes have substantial grounds for consolation. N. P. Willis told us, long ago, of a well-to-do New Yorker who steadfastly resisted the importunities of his wife and daughters to be taken to some fashionable place of resort during the hot weather. They said so much about it on one occasion that he yielded so far as to offer a compromise. "I am willing, if you insist upon it," said he, "to cut off the Croton water and the gas, to take tallow candles for light, shut up the parlors, the kitchen, and the airy bedrooms, and spend the summer in the garret; but as for sweltering in the hot, close rooms of a fashionable summer hotel, I won't submit to it." His wife and daughters finally concluded that a New York "brown-stone front," with all the modern improvements, was not quite unendurable after all.

A queer marriage took place lately in New Albany, Ind. The guests being assembled, a written agreement, in the following words, was read to the company and signed by the parties: "We, —— and ——, believing that our hearts and souls are already matrimonially united, appear before you now, thus publicly to celebrate the consummation of our union. We hold the opinion that neither Church nor State has any moral or equitable right to interfere with, or any just claim to be consulted in reference to, the arrangements that our spontaneous sentiments and sympathies have prompted us to make. Therefore, in nonconformity to, and disregarding the rules and regulations in such cases made and provided by what is called society, we adopt such form and ceremony as in our judgments and consciences seem most just and proper. And now, in the presence of these witnesses and of our invisible spirit friends here assembled, we proclaim, publish and declare ourselves husband and wife; and may God and the angel world add their blessings." This is probably a legal marriage, and although the parties do not promise that it shall last "until death do us part," they will probably find, if they wish, after the fashion of some Spiritualists, to break their bond and enter into a new marriage with other parties, the State will have something to say about it. The form of marriage is of little account; it is the *un*marrying that makes the trouble.

A curious exhibition, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has lately been opened to the public in the lunatic asylum at Brünnfeld, near Vienna. The objects exhibited are divided into three classes, the first comprising 315 articles made entirely by the lunatics; the second, articles destroyed by them in their moments of frenzy, and the third, models, &c., showing how they are lodged and clothed. Among the articles in the first class are delicately-carved meerschaum pipes, lace, picture-frames, and a remarkable collection of paintings by Kratky, who before he became insane was a celebrated artist at Vienna. These paintings show no sign of insanity, and one of them is a wonderfully lifelike representation of the lunatics hearing mass in the chapel attached to the asylum. Next to these specimens of the constructive skill of the inmates are placed huge iron bars bent double, spoons and iron plates broken to pieces, and doors split in half. The favorite occupations of these unfortunate people are stated to be writing and drawing, in which some of them have become singularly proficient.

The British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals was formed fifty years ago, and when it began its benign mission it was almost universally laughed at. A joke or a sneer was its most familiar greeting from the cultivated classes, while the lower regarded it with almost savage antipathy, as interfering with their right to do what they would with their own. But the Society has held on its way, and on the 22d ult. it held an "International Jubilee," which was attended by many distinguished persons, including several foreign ambassadors. The Earl of Harrowby presided, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh presented a gorgeously bound copy of the *Animal World* to each of upwards of 400 boys and girls, from the superior and elementary schools, who had written essays on the subject of cruelty to animals, some of them of great excellence. One little fellow, only eight years old, who had been capable of winning a prize, raised a general outburst of handclapping. The Queen, through her Secretary, declared her warm interest in the cause, and her gratification that her son and her daughter-in-law (daughter of the Emperor of Russia) would show their interest and sympathy by presenting the prizes to the boys and girls. Here is an example for persons of distinction in this country, who have hitherto taken little interest in this subject, if they have not even aided in casting ridicule upon the efforts of Mr. Bergh and his associates.

George Francis Train has made a discovery the frank avowal of which does him credit. By changing his diet from that of an epicurean to that of a vegetarian, he has made such progress in self-knowledge as to have ascertained that many strange events of his life, "which he formerly supposed he was enacting out of some grand principle for the benefit of humanity, had no motive higher than that thing they call fame, ambition, popularity, self, or a morbid love of notoriety." Train appeals to the press to drop his name into the gulf of oblivion, promising, if this request is complied with, never to speak again in public, never to publish another book, and never to write another letter to a newspaper. Now, if all the men who are cherishing a similar delusion to that of Mr. Train could only be persuaded to adopt a vegetable diet, what a sudden diminution there would be in the volume of speech and writing that now vexes the public ear and eye! God be thanked for vegetables, say we, and may the crop never fail.

Once in a while we hear from the South the old refrain, "The 'niggers,' now that they are free, won't work." But, surely, the cry must be false, since they constitute the great body of working people in that region, and the culture of the crops goes steadily and prosperously on. We have before us the official report, made up in New Orleans, of the condition of the cotton crop in ten different States. The acrerage is in some cases less, in others more, and in still others about the same as last year. The general condition of the crop is highly favorable. But what is said of the laborers? Here is the report:

Mississippi.—"Labor supply satisfactory."
Louisiana.—"No complaint about labor."
Texas.—"Labor supply good."
Arkansas.—"Labor is efficient."
Tennessee.—"Labor about the same."
Alabama.—"Labor never better."
North Carolina.—No complaint.
South Carolina.—"Labor sufficient."
Georgia.—"Labor good."
Florida.—"No complaints of labor."

We submit that the question, whether negroes will work best for *cash* or the *lash*, is settled, and that *cash* is by far the superior as well as the more natural and humane motive. Even a mule may be more easily persuaded by a turnip hung before his nose than by a cudgel applied to his back. Are men more stupid than mules? We might admit that those are so who say the negroes won't work for wages, but certainly there are no others of whom such an allegation would be true.

The King of Ashantee, if we may take the word of one of his slaves, who lately escaped to the coast, still keeps up the practice of human sacrifices. The fugitive, one day, had to hold an umbrella at a sacrifice, and, getting a hint that his turn would come next, managed to escape. We suspect the war which cost England so much money and so many lives did very little to improve the Ashantees.

CHIMES.

BY H. H.

ALONE and suffering I lay,
The city's din filled all the air;
The hours were weary, and the day
Had been a long hard day to bear.

Sudden, my room seemed rocked by sound;
Loud notes of harsh discordant clang
Close to my window pealed around;
The sunset bell for vespers rang.

They were so near, they clashed and jarred,
And rendered no true melody;
The vibrant echoes crossed and marred
Each subtle chord of harmony.

But listening, patient, I, ere long,
The rhythm and the time could trace;
I knew the old and sacred song
Whose notes were floating out through space.

An old and sacred song of praise
My thoughtless, joyous childhood knew,
Returning now in sadder days,
To teach a lesson deep and true.

"Oh, weary sense of pain and jar
In life," I cried, "be patient now!
Listen, O heart, until, afar,
The discords into music grow!

"Each hour has its appointed sound;
All life is set in rhythmic times;
The notes escape earth's narrow bound,
But God is ringing out the chimes!"

We and Our Neighbors.

BY
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
Author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," "*The Minister's Wooing*," "*My Wife and I*."

CHAPTER XII.

WHY CAN'T THEY LET US ALONE?

HARRY went out to his office, and Eva commenced the morning labors of a young housekeeper.

What are they? Something in their way as airy and pleasant as the light touches and arrangements which Eve gave to her bower in Paradise—gathering up stray rose-leaves, tying up a lily that the rain has bent, looping a honeysuckle in a more graceful festoon, and meditating the while whether she shall have oranges and figs and grapes, or guavas and pineapples, for her first course at dinner.

Such, according to Father Milton, were the ornamental duties of the first wife, while her husband went out to his office in some distant part of Eden.

But Eden still exists whenever two young lovers set up housekeeping, even in prosaic New York; only our modern Eves wear jaunty little morning caps and fascinating wrappers and slippers, with coquettish butterfly bows. Eva's morning duties consisted in asking Mary what they had better have for dinner; giving here and there a peep into the pantry, re-arranging the flower vases, and flecking the dust from her pictures and statuettes with a gay and glancing brush of peacock's feathers. Sometimes the morning arrangements included quite a change, as this particular day, when, on mature consideration, a spray of ivy that was stretching towards the window had been drawn back and forced to wreathe itself around a picture, and a spray of nasturtium, gemmed with half-opened golden buds, had been trained in its place in the window.

One may think this a very simple matter, but whoever knows all the resistance which the forces of matter and the laws of gravitation make to the simplest improvement in one's parlor will know better.

It required a scaffolding made of a chair and an ottoman to reach the top of the pictures, and a tack-hammer and little tacks. Then the precise air of arrangement and exact position had to be studied from below, after the tacks were driven, and that necessitated two or three descents from the perch to review, and the tumbling of the ottoman to the floor, and the calling of Mary in to help, and to hold the ottoman firm while the persevering little artist finished her work. It is by ups and downs like these, by daily labor of modern Eves, each in their little paradises, O, ye Adams! that your houses have that "just right" look that makes you think of them all day, and long to come back to them at night.

"Somehow or other," you say, "I don't know how it is, my wife's things have a certain air; her vines grow just as they ought to, her flowers blossom in just the right places, and her parlors always look pleasant." You don't know how many periods of grave consideration, how many climbings on chairs and ottomans, how many doings and undoings and shiftings and changes produce the appearance that charms you. Most people think that flower vases are very simple

affairs; but the keeping of parlors dressed with flowers is daily work for an hour or two for any woman. Nor is it work in vain. No altar is holier than the home altar, and the flowers that adorn it are sacred.

Eva was sitting, a little tired with her strenuous exertions, contemplating her finished arrangement with satisfaction, when the door-bell rang, and Alice came in.

"Why, Allie, dear, how nice of you to be down here so early. I was just wanting somebody to show my changes to. Look there. See how I've looped that ivy round mother's picture; isn't it sweet," and Eva caressingly arranged a leaf or two to suit her.

"Charming!" said Alice, but with rather an abstracted, preoccupied tone.

"And look at this nasturtium; it's full of buds. See, the yellow is beginning to show. I've fastened it in a wreath around the window, so that the sun will shine through the blossoms."

"It's beautiful," said Alice, still absently and nervously playing with her bonnet strings.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?" said Eva, suddenly noticing signs of some unusual feeling. "What ails you?"

"Well," said Alice, hastily untying her bonnet strings and throwing it down on the sofa, "I've come up to talk with you. I hope," she said, flushing crimson with vexation, "that Aunt Maria is satisfied now—she is the most exasperating woman I ever knew or heard of!"

"Dear me, Allie, what has she done now?"

"Well, what do you think? Last Sunday she came to our house to tea, drawn up in martial array and ready to attack us all for not going to the old church—that stupid, dead old church where people do nothing but doze and wake up to criticise each other's bonnets—but you really would think to hear Aunt Maria talk that there was a second Babylonian captivity or something of that sort coming on, and we were getting it up. You see, Dr. Cushing has got excited because some of the girls are going up to the mission church, and it's led him to an unwonted exertion; and Aunt Maria quite waked up and considers herself an apostle and prophet; and I wish you could have heard her talk. It's enough to make any cause ridiculous to have any one defend it as she did. You ought to have heard that witch of a Jim Fellows arguing with her and respectfully leading her into all sorts of contradictions and absurdities till I stopped him. I really wouldn't let him lead her to make such a fool of herself."

"Oh, well, if that's all, Ally, I don't think you need to trouble your head," said Eva. "Aunt Maria, of course, will hold on to her old notions, and her style of argument never was very consecutive."

"But that isn't all. Oh, you may be sure I didn't care for what she said about the church. I can have my opinion and she hers on that point."

"Well, then, what is the matter?"

"Well, if you'll believe me, she has actually undertaken to tutor Jim Fellows in relation to his intimacy with me."

"Oh, Ally," groaned Eva, "has she done that? I begged and implored her to let that matter alone."

"Then she's been talking with you, too? and I wonder how many more," said Alice in tones of disgust.

"Yes, she did talk with me in her usual busy, imperative way, and told me all that Mrs. Thus-and-so and Mr. This-and-that said—but people are always saying things, and if they don't say one thing they will another; and I tried to persuade her to let it alone, but she seemed to think you must be talked with, and I finally told her that if she'd leave it to me, I would say all that was necessary. I did mean to say something, but I didn't want to trouble you. I thought there was no hurry."

"Well, you see," said Alice, "Jim went home with her that night, and I suppose she thought the opportunity too good to be neglected. I don't know just what she said to him, but I know it was about me."

"How do you know?—did Jim tell you?"

"No, indeed; catch him telling me, indeed! He knows too much for that. Aunt Maria let it out herself."

"Let it out herself?"

"Yes; she blundered into it before she knew what she was saying, and betrayed herself, and then when I questioned her she had to tell me."

"How came she to commit herself so?"

"Well, you see it was just this—you know the little party Aunt Maria had Tuesday evening, the one you couldn't come to on account of that Stephens engagement."

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, you see, I suspect that was all got up in the interest of one of Aunt Maria's schemes to bring me and that John Davenport together. At any rate, there he was and his sister, and really, Eva, his treatment of me was so marked that it was quite disagreeable. Why, the man seemed really infatuated. His manner was so that everybody remarked it; and the colder and more distant I grew the more it increased. Aunt Maria was delighted. She plumed herself and rushed round in the most satisfied way, while I was only provoked. I saw he was going to ask to wait on me home, and so I fell back on a standing engagement that I have with Jim, to go with me whenever anybody asks that I don't want to go with. Jim and I have always had that understanding in dancing and at parties, so that one can keep clear of disagreeable partners and people. I was determined I wouldn't walk home with that man, and I told Jim privately that he was to be on duty, and he took the hint in a minute. So when Mr. Davenport wound up his attentions by asking if he should have the pleasure of seeing me home, I told him with great satisfaction that I was engaged, and off I walked with Jim. The girls were in a perfect state of giggle, to see Aunt Maria's indignation."

"And so really you don't like this Mr. Davenport?"

"Like him! Indeed I don't. In the first place it isn't a year yet since his wife died; and everybody was pitying him. He could hardly be kept alive, and fainted away, and had to have hot bottles at his feet and all that. All the old ladies were rolling up their eyes; such a sighing and sympathizing for John Davenport; and now here he is!"

"Poor man," said Eva, "I suppose he is lonesome."

"Yes. I suppose, as Irving says, the greatest compliment he can pay to his former wife is to display an eagerness for another; but his attentions are simply disagreeable to me."

"After all, the worst crime you allege seems to be that he is too sensitive to your attractions."

"Yes; and shows it in a very silly way—making me an object of remark! He may be very nice and very worthy, and all that; but in any such relations as this he is so unpleasant to me! I can't *bear* him, and I'm not going to be talked or maneuvered into anything that might commit me to even consider him. I remember the trouble you had for being persuaded to let Wat Sydney dangle after you. I will not have anything of the kind. I am a decided young woman, and know my own mind."

"Well, how did you learn about Aunt Maria and Jim?"

"How? Oh, well, the next day comes Aunt Maria to talk with Mamma, who wasn't there, by the bye; Papa hates so to go out that she has got to staying at home with him. But the next day came an exaggerated picture of my triumphs to Mamma and a lecture to me on my bad behavior. The worst of all, she said, was the very marked thing of my going home with Jim, and in her heat she let out that she had spoken to him and warned him of what folks would think and say of such appearances. I *was* angry then, and I expressed my mind freely to Aunt Maria, and we had a downright quarrel. I said things I ought not to say, just as one always does, and—now isn't it disagreeable? Isn't it *dreadful?*" said Alice, with the earnestness of a young girl whose whole nature goes into her first trouble. "Now, nothing could be nicer and more just what a thing ought to be than my friendship with Jim. I have influence over him and I can do him good, and I enjoy his society, and the kind of easy, nice understanding that there is between us, that we can say *any* thing to each other; and what business is it of anybody's? It's our own affair, and no one's else."

"Certainly it is," said Eva, sympathizingly.

"And Aunt Maria said that folks were saying, that if we weren't engaged we ought to be. What a hateful thing to say; as if there were any impropriety in a friendship between a gentleman and a lady. Why may not a gentleman and lady have a special friendship as well as one lady with another, or one gentleman with another? I don't see."

"Neither do I," said Eva, sympathizingly.

"Now," said Alice, "the suggestion of marriage and all that is disagreeable to me. I'm thinking of nothing of the kind. I like Jim. Well, I don't mind saying to you, Eva, who can understand me, that I *love* him, in a sort of way. I am interested for him. I know his good points, and I know his faults, and I'm at liberty to speak to him with perfect freedom, and I think there is nothing so good for a young man as such a friendship. We girls, you know, dear, can do a great deal for young men if we try. We are not tempted as they are; we have not their hard places and trials to walk through, and we can make allowances, and they will receive things from us that they wouldn't from any one else, and they show us just the best side of their nature, which is the truest side of everybody."

"Certainly, Alice, Harry was saying only a little while ago that your influence would make a man of Jim; and I certainly think he has improved wonderfully lately, he seems more serious."

"We've learned to know him better, that's all," said Alice. "Young men rattle and talk idly to girls when they don't feel acquainted and haven't real confidence in their friendship, just as a sort of blind. They don't dare to express their real, deepest feelings."

"Well, I didn't know that Jim had any," said Eva, incautiously.

"Why, Eva, how unjust you are to Jim," said Alice, with flushing cheeks. "I shouldn't have thought it of you, so many kind things as Jim has done for us all."

"Well, darling, I beg Jim's pardon with all my heart," said Eva, laughing to herself at this earnest championship. "I didn't mean quite what I said, but you know, Alice, his sort of wild rattling way of talking over all subjects, so that you can't tell which is jest and which is earnest."

"Oh! *I* can always tell," said Alice. "I always can make him come down to the earnest part of him, and Jim has, after all, really good, sensible ideas of life and aspirations after what is right and true. He has the temptation of having been a sort of spoiled child. People do so like a laugh that they set him on and encourage him in saying all sorts of things he ought not. People have very little principle about that. So anybody amuses them, they never consider whether he does right to talk as he does, they 'll set Jim up to talk because it amuses them, and then go away and say what a rattle he is, and that he has no real principle or feeling. They just make a buffoon of him! and they know nothing about the best part of him."

"Well, Alice, I dare say you do see more of Jim's real nature than any of us."

"Oh! indeed I do; and I know how to appeal to it. Even when I can't help laughing at things he ought not to say—and sometimes they are so droll I can't help it—afterwards I have *my* say and tell him really and soberly just what I think, and you've no idea how beautifully he takes it. Oh, Jim really is good at heart, there's no doubt about that."

"Well, now, do you think Aunt Maria's meddling will make trouble between you?"

"No! only that it's an awkward, disagreeable thing to speak of; but I shall speak to Jim about it and let him understand, if he doesn't now, just what Aunt Maria is, and that he mustn't mind anything she says. I feel rather better, now I've relieved my mind to you, and perhaps shall have more charity for Aunt Maria."

"After all, poor soul," said Eva, "it's her love for us leads her to vex us in all these ways. She can't help planning, and fussing, and lying awake nights for us. She failed in getting a splendid marriage for me, and now she's like Bruce's spider, up and at her web again weaving a destiny for you. It's in her to be active; she has no children; her house don't half satisfy her as a field of enterprise, and she, of course, is taking care of Mamma and our family. If Mamma had not been just the gentle, lovely yielding woman she is, Aunt Maria never would have got such headway in the family and taken such airs about us."

"She perfectly tyrannizes over mamma," said Alice. "She's always coming up to lecture her for not doing this, that or the other thing. Now all this talk about our going to Mr. St. John's church, poor dear little Mamma is as willing to let us do as we please as the flowers are to blossom, and then Aunt Maria talks as if she were abetting a conspiracy against the church. All I know is that we are all living more serious, earnest lives, for Mr. St. John's influence. It may be that he is going too far in certain directions; it may be that in the long run such things may tend to dangerous extremes, but I don't see any real harm in them so far, and I find real good."

"Well, you know, dear, that Harry is n't of our church—he is a Congregationalist—but his theory is that Christian people should join with any other Christian people who they see are really earnestly working to do good. This church is near by us, where we can conveniently go, and as I have my house to attend to, and am not strong, you know that is quite a consideration. I know Harry do n't agree with Mr. St. John at all about his ideas of the church, and he thinks he carries some of his ceremonies too far, but, on the whole, he really is doing a great deal of practical good, and Harry is willing to help him. I think it's just lovely in Harry to do so. It is real liberality."

"I wish," said Alice, "that Mr. St. John were a little freer in his way. There is a sort of solemnity about him that is depressing, and it seems to set Jim off in a spirit of contradiction. He says Mr. St. John stirs up the evil within him, and makes him long to break over bounds, and say something wicked, just to shock him."

"I've had that desire to shock very proper people, in the days of my youth," said Eva. "I do n't know what it comes from."

"I think," said Alice, "that, to be sure, this is an irreverent age, and New York is an irreverent place; but yet I think people may carry the outside air of reverence too far, don't you? They impose a sort of constraint on everybody around them that keeps them from knowing the people they associate with. Mr. St. John, for instance, knows nothing about Jim, he never acts himself out before him."

"Oh, dear me," said Eva, "fancy what he would think if he should see Jim in one of his frolics."

"And yet, Jim, in his queer way, appreciates Mr. St. John," said Alice. He says he's 'a brick' after all, by which he means that he does real good work; and Jim has been enough round among the poor of New York, in his quality of newspaper writer to know when a man does good among them. If Mr. St. John only could learn to be indulgent to other people's natures he might do a great deal for Jim."

"I rather think Jim will be your peculiar parish for some time to come," said Eva, with a smile, "but Harry and I are projecting schemes to draw Mr. St. John into more general society. That's one of the things we are going to try to do in our "evenings." I don't believe he has ever been into general society at all; he ought to hear the talk of his day—he talks and feels and thinks more in the past than the present; he's all the while trying to restore an ideal age of reverence and devotion, but he ought to know the real age he lives in. If we could get him to coming to our house every week, and meeting real live men, women and girls of to-day, and entering a little into their life it would do him good."

"I suppose he'd be afraid of any indulgence!"

"We must not put it to him as an indulgence, but a good hard duty," said Eva; "we should never catch him with an indulgence."

"When are you going to begin?"

"I've been talking with Mary about it, and I rather think I shall take next Thursday for the first. I shall depend on you and the girls to help me keep the thing

balanced, and going on just right. Jim must be moderated, and kept from coming out too strong, and everybody must be made to have a good time, so that they'll want to come again. You see we want to get them to coming every week, so that they will all know each other by-and-by, and get a sort of home feeling about our rooms; such a thing is possible, I think."

The conversation now meandered off into domestic details, not further traceable in this chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

By Harriet McEwen Kimball.

O WHAT abounding grace!
Of one we read
Whose piteous wounds, in lieu of speech, did bleed,
(As if even Nature's self for him would plead;)
Who 'mid his silent brethren silent went
Two weary years on prayer and labor bent,
Unmindful of his misery so he still
Shaped every deed and thought to God's dear will;
Nor heeded he his bed of knotted straw,
Whose vigils sore the Master only saw;
Nor lookèd forward to the ashen heap
Whereon the dying brethren fell on sleep—
(Acquainting them or ere they join the dead
With the poor kindred dust whereto they [illegible]
Nor fastings long, nor penance he rele[illegible]d);
Nor less the body for the body t[illegible]ed;
Nor changed a whit the [illegible]axed;
That shone with ca[illegible]sture, or the face
Vain, vain th[illegible]an while grew his woe apace.
The pu[illegible] body's strife to turn aside
[illegible]pose of the spirit sanctified!
In [illegible] snatch of wretched sleep his chastened will
Restrained the groan, o'ercame the anguish still;
And if perchance that sleep his lips unsealed,
Their words of peace his sharpest pangs concealed.

But when the oozing blood for him complained,
And half betrayed his woe the raiment stained,
The quick-eyed Abbot bade the surgeon speed,
Whose skillful hand might serve his piteous need.
Compassionate, the sufferer they bound,
While wept the mute attendants standing round
As the bared back disclosed the blackening wound.
"Thus bind him fast!" the surgeon whispered low;
"Not else might he endure the mortal woe!"
While they through tears beheld the fearful sight,
The poor monk raised a face of saintly light:
"Not of myself," he said, "but God is here
To hold me that I neither shrink nor fear!"

Then even as Death's own shadow in the cell
On him, on all, the wonted silence fell:
Only a dripping on the floor of brick
As the sharp knife swift piercèd to the quick!
No shudder felt, no moan repressed, betrayed
The spirit fainting, or the flesh afraid!

"O holy father, he must speak or die!
Command these lips to utter forth their cry!"
Implored the surgeon, with a whitening cheek.
"Speak, O my brother, speak! I *bid* thee speak!"
With streaming eyes the pitying Abbot said—
As it were his own quivering flesh that bled!

The ashen lips almost a smile entranced,
And from the eye unearthly rapture glanced,
As his uplifted face like Stephen's glowed,
And from his tongue an heavenly utterance flowed:

"My Lord, my Lord! that Thou shouldst lift me up,
And suffer me to taste Thy measureless cup
Of agony, and in some small degree
Learn how all measureless Thy Love must be!
O wondrous riches by the poorest gained!
O heights no rapture ever yet attained!
O depths beyond all human thought to reach!
Love passing knowledge as it passeth speech!
That I should see the Glory of Thy Face
While yet vile clay in this despisèd place!
O all-transcending Love! O matchless grace!
Thrice-blest this tongue that may forego its spell,
Not of these pangs, but of That Love to tell!"

Even as he spake back in their arms he fell,
And death's own radiance filled the narrow cell!

THE CHILD-GARDEN.

By Edward Eggleston.

IT is said that a German professor, who had devoted a long life to studying and writing on the Greek article, when he came to die lamented his failure, and said to his son: "Take warning from my great mistake—I should have confined myself to the dative case." Whether from this minute sub-division of labor, or from the phlegmatic temperament of the Germans, or from their idealism, certain it is that for those discoveries and inventions which result from patient research and the practical use of the imagination, we are more indebted to them than to any other people. Jean-Jacques Rousseau awoke Europe to a consciousness that there was no such thing in existence as a true primary education, but it was left for the visionary, patient and unselfish German, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, (how satisfying are these long German names!) to begin the revolution that has given us our modern systems of popular education. Pestalozzi was one of those immortal failures that conquer in defeat. Utterly unable to carry any one of his schemes to a successful issue, he opened pathways in which all successful educators have trodden to this day.

Among the enthusiastic pupils that sat at the feet of Pestalozzi was one who was greater even than his master, though his greatness has dawned on the world slowly. When Frederick Froebel was born his father wrote in his diary: "Friedrich is his name, may peace be with him," making a pun upon the name, which in German means "rich in peace." Had the stately old clergyman known that the troubled life of that little Friedrich, lying there in the parsonage at Ober-Weisbach, should prove so rich in peace to all the little ones of the world he might have improved his pun and his prayer. For it is infinitely better that a man be rich in peace to others than that his own life be untroubled.

The Kindergarten writers and translators have given us in English hand-books and guides and everything else but what we need the most, to wit, the beautiful story of the self-sacrificing life of Friedrich Froebel and of the gradual development of the man until his invention of the Kindergarten system—his "discovery of the method of nature" as he would call it. For all the germs of the Kindergarten were in the life of Froebel—he was the apostle of childhood, outfitted with a wonderful store of natural gifts and subtle sympathies, and providentially enriched by his various experiences as a boy and man, and as an educational reformer during half a century, and divinely set apart to be the deliverer of infancy. What a world of benignity, of patience, of endurance, of unsel[illegible]ness, of child-like simplicity shine[illegible] out of his homely face as one look[illegible] now at his portrait!

He intended himself for an architect; God meant him not to build cathedrals, but for the grander work of building little block houses for babies. Is it not the greater mission? For with block-houses he built the living temples of human nature. What is there in St. Paul's, or Notre Dame, or St. Peter's—what is there at Strasbourg, at Cologne, at Milan, worth the education of one child? Who would not rather be Pestalozzi or Froebel than Michael Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren? Froebel, like so many other great men, discovered his destiny only by accident—if, indeed, there are any such things as *accidents* in such a life. The young architect happened at a meeting of Pestalozzian teachers at the house of one Grüner, a school principal. He was asked to give his opinion on some educational question. As he, with that marvelous intuition so characteristic of him, unfolded to his charmed listeners his views, Gruner clapped him on the back crying, "Froebel, you are meant for nothing else but a teacher; will you accept a place in my school?" The young Froebel, whose own childhood and youth had not been happy, did not hesitate when he heard this call, but forsaking his dreams of distinction as eagerly as Peter left his fishing nets, gave himself thenceforth, in evil and good report, through opposition, calumny, persecution and disasters, to education in the highest and truest sense. No desire to make a popular school ever tempted him to swerve from the lofty ideal that he had set before him, no wish to make a good show at examination ever led him to dream that he could educate a child by cramming him with facts. He could neither be seduced, nor intimidated, nor discouraged. He became the leader of a devoted band of teachers who counted nothing in life dear unto them, if they could but accomplish the end of living. I do not know that there is any other Christianity in the world but just this.

Froebel was past fifty years of age, ripened by all his experience, study and toil in teaching, when he set about reforming the management and training of the youngest children, and devised the plans which have not to this time been improved. He was quite unwilling that his new institution for children under seven years of age should be called a school. He called it Kindergarten—intending it to be a true "Child-garden" where little children might grow as naturally as plants in a garden, having such assistance and direction as a gardener gives. For the gardener, wiser than a routine teacher, does not attempt to make a plant grow contrary to its own nature, he helps it to the highest growth and completest development possible to its nature.

Jean Paul said: "Play is the poetry of childhood." Froebel, with equal insight and more practical wisdom, said: "Play is the first work of childhood." This immortal sentence is the corner-stone of the Kindergarten. There must be nothing in it but play. All the training it gives is given through plays—that is, through employments delightful to children. Irksome tasks are banished—time enough for them when the muscle has hardened, and the mind is more mature. To make little children drudge at lesson or work is as unnatural as to yoke frisking calves to a plow. But Froebel knew that the earliest childhood was a period of the greatest susceptibility to educational influences. If not directed, infancy must be lost, and may be perverted. So, with colored balls, with "gifts" of sphere and cube and cylinder, with stick-laying, mat-weaving, and slat-interlacing, with pea-work, clay-modeling, and net-drawing, with miniature gardening, paper-cutting, and tablet-laying, with merry musical and imitative plays, all philosophically arranged and subordinated to their end, the good and wise teacher, like a magician, managed to give moral and mental discipline of the most invaluable kind to little children, while he rendered them ten-fold happier than they could be without the Kindergarten.

Froebel was a great educator, and the leader of a band of teachers who were called Froebellites, before he bethought him of his Kindergarten. But this work, which occupied the last fifteen years of his life, he rightly regarded as the embodiment of the ripest result of his studies. The younger Fichte finds in the Kindergarten methods evidence that Froebel was a great philosopher, with an unsurpassed knowledge of human nature. This knowledge has not found its best utterance in his writings—it is not in them that his greatness appears—but in his adaptation of methods to educational ends. I cannot hope that my own testimony will be of any value after so many of the most eminent thinkers of Europe have given their approval to Froebel's plans, but my admiration for the greatest of pedagogues has increased with every year that I have known the Kindergarten, and seen its methods and its results.

Froebel died at seventy, surrounded by the devoted Froebellite teachers. "Carry me to the window that I may look out," he said. "It will hasten your death," said his physician. "Friend," answered the child-like old man, "I have been all my life accustomed to live in the society of nature, and will you forbid me to look upon her once more before I die?" And so, looking nature in the face, the old man who had become as a little child, who had lived for "the least of these" brethren of Christ, died calmly.

No monument—not Sir Christopher Wren's itself—could be more appropriate than his. They put over his grave a cube, a sphere and a cylinder—"the third gift"—with which he was accustomed to teach children of three years of age to observe, and to discriminate. And they wrote upon this unique tomb his motto—his glorious battle-cry let me call it: "Kommt lässt uns unsern Kindern leben"—"Come let us live for our children." *Amen.*

NEW YORK'S NEXT SENATOR.

DURING the coming winter the New York Legislature will elect a Senator to succeed Reuben E. Fenton, whose term will expire March 3d, 1875. Candidates for the office will be abundant. It is said that aspiring gentlemen already have their agents at work in different parts of the State, endeavoring to manufacture a *perfectly spontaneous sentiment* sufficiently strong to carry them into the coveted place. However that may be, the honest citizens of the State, desiring no office themselves, but very greatly desiring a worthy representation in the highest legislative body of the nation, and to contribute somewhat to the arrest of the terrible tide of corruption now threatening our destruction, may well begin to look about them to discover, if possible, who will best serve them in this capacity, and to devise the means of securing his election. Out of a profound and wholly impersonal interest in the question, Who shall be our next Senator? and with a hope of contributing a little to its satisfactory answer, is this article written. Perhaps some progress may be made in the right direction by inquiring, first, what kind of a man we *don't* want for Senator.

1. We don't want an *old* man with one foot in the grave, liable to drop wholly out of sight at any moment, and almost certain not to live his term out. For, whatever his personal or political integrity, such a one is morally sure to be timid when he should be bold; and, whatever his mental powers once were, they are no longer in their full vigor, enabling him to render the best service. Nor do we want a beardless youth, whose acquaintance with men and affairs is trifling, whose faculties are undeveloped, and whose political studies have necessarily been narrow and shallow. But we want a man in the full maturity of physical and mental power; old enough to have self-poise and self-trust and well-considered convictions; not so old as to have become fossilized and incapable of recognizing the new duties of new occasions.

2. We don't want for Senator a mere political intriguer or wire-puller, by indirections finding directions out, and to whom the principal part of official duty would be to sound the party pæans and distribute the national patronage. The better people of New York—and no others are expected to sympathize with the spirit of this article—have seen quite enough of this type of senatorial character. Not that a judicious policy, seeking ever the furtherance of principle, is not highly useful and commendable; but with the policy which makes principle subservient, and which cares for principle only that it may hoodwink the unsuspecting and ensnare the simple, it is believed that we can, for some time to come, profitably dispense. Nor does dispensing with this necessitate the choice of a mere impracticable, full of crotchets, and unyielding on unimportant matters. It might, indeed, require the selection of one unskilled in the modern art of vindication, and whom Butlerites and contractors and jobbers and corruptionists would find impracticable—would that there were more of such impracticables in public life now; but not of one who would not concede indifferent means to worthy ends, or who would refuse to do the good he could because unable to accomplish the good he would.

3. Neither do we want a Senator whose chief qualification for the place is in his pocket, and who without direct bribery can make it for the interest of men of unheroic virtue to vote and work for him. What kind of Senators this influence sends to Washington is well illustrated by Caldwell, expelled the Senate for its improper use; and Pomeroy, now under indictment for bribery; saying nothing of others who but for their money would never have been thought of in connection with the office. Of this kind of Senator the country has had quite enough for the present.

4. Nor, still further, do we want a Senator of second

or third rate abilities, unable, except by intrigue, to wield any particular influence over the body of which he is a member, and wholly unable to command the attention of the country. The Empire State can endure many things: can she afford the humiliation to which such a representative would subject her? In votes, as everybody knows, she is no stronger in the Senate than Rhode Island or Delaware, neither of which is hardly larger than some of her counties, or than several of the new States whose population is less than any one of a half-dozen of her principal cities. How is she to maintain and wield her legitimate influence in this high assembly if not through the ability and charcter of her delegates? What a shame to her, one of the oldest, claiming to be one of the most cultivated, as certainly she is one of the largest and most populous of the States, had she no ampler material from which to choose, or exercised her choice no more wisely, than the sparsely peopled, poorly educated, half-civilized, just organized States on the frontier! Has not the Senate a sufficient number of this type of men already? What a dead level of mediocrity, if not inferiority, is that body now confessed to be! "seeming," says one, "of little higher ability than an ordinary board of county supervisors." How refreshing would be the appearance in it of a man fully competent to represent the Empire State, and fill out the noblest ideal of an American Senator!

We come now to remark that we *do* want, or at least we *need*, for this high office whose attainment might well satisfy any ambition,

1. A Gentleman. It may seem strange to many to hear this mentioned as a qualification for the senatorship. For what, ask some, has gentlemanliness to do with politics? Often very little practically, it must be confessed, looking to primary meetings and nominating conventions, and the class of men prominent therein. But, ask others, do not the brutal bullies and coarse swaggerers of all parties get effectively winnowed out and blown away before reaching Congressional halls? Unfortunately a most emphatic negative is compelled by the record of scenes in the last session of Congress, which are still fresh in all memories.

2. We want for Senator a man of the highest order of character. We want one not merely indifferently honest as the world goes, but thoroughly honest as the world doesn't go; one, like Cæsar's wife—like the great Senator just dead—above suspicion. Seemeth it superfluous to say this? That it ought to be is admitted. But since the days of Credit-Mobilier, Salary-Grabbing, Moiety-Hunting, and Long-Branch scandals, without mentioning other alleged offenses, it will hardly be pretended that election to the Senate is quite a sufficient guaranty of the highest personal character. Nay, what, as confessed by pulpit, press, and every one not utterly indifferent to moral considerations, is just now so greatly needed in public life as men of this unquestionable probity? whom no one would dare approach with unworthy suggestions, to whom no suspicion has ever attached, and from whom in the future there is the best assurance that every wave of evil will fall, leaving no stain behind. What praise now to say of Sumner, that though cast upon the most troublous times his country ever knew, and though for a quarter of a century in the thickest of the fight, yet malice itself never breathed a suspicion against his pure name.

3. We want also for Senator a *scholar*. Not necessarily a book worm, but one who knows both the uses and the contents of books. For books are the depositories of the world's experience and wisdom; and whoso knows nothing of them knows neither what problems the race has already solved nor what it has demonstrated to be insoluble. By what, too, shall the Future be guided if not by the experience of the Past and the Present? With what added skill and power, moreover, can he present and enforce his ideas who can clothe them with a graceful rhetoric, endow them with the wings of a brilliant fancy, and strengthen them with the sanctions of wise and good men! True, it is somewhat fashionable in certain quarters to deride scholarly attainments as unfitting for practical legislation, and to sneer at carefully prepared orations as "smelling of the lamp." Some such sneers were lately indulged in the Senate. Their aid is seldom invoked when the arguments at which they are leveled admit of other reply. But listening to the dreary debates of both Houses, where exhaustive knowledge of the subject in hand is so rare, where scholarship and eloquence are so seldom exhibited, and where the English language not infrequently suffers ferrible mutilation, one cannot help thinking that an exacter scholarship and a more generous culture might somewhat improve the character of those august bodies. Certainly there is *room* for something of the sort.

4. We want for Senator also a statesman. *Il va sans dire.* And by statesman is meant one who looks far less to the dicta or welfare of his party than to the dicta of principle, and the development, education and ennoblement of country; one who clearly recognizes that there is but one law for nations and individuals; that no country can be long or truly prosperous whose foundations are not laid in righteousness, and whose grand aim is not the service of humanity. How many Senators of this type have we now, taking broad and comprehensive views of men and things, and seeking to adjust their action to the demands of essential truth! Such Senators, not flouting "the higher law" of nature and God as the fanatic's whim, but trying to find out and re-enact that law into human statutes, New York has had. Shall she add one more, not inferior to the best, to the proud number?

5. We want a Senator who will worthily represent, and largely embody the best political sentiment and noblest aspiration of our time and country. Statesmen with eyes in the back of the head we have had. Statesmen with eyes in the sides of the head we have; though they are not so abundant as could be desired. What is wanted are those who have eyes in their forehead; who, losing hold of neither the Past nor the Present, yet apprehend the Future; whose character and example are such as can animate the young men of the country to an unselfish patriotism; and in following whose lead they will honor themselves even more than their leaders. We want now as a Senator from New York one who recognizes the possibilities of America as the home of well regulated freedom, as the land of noble, manly men, and of gracious, womanly women; and who realizes, as alas! so few do, by what lofty endeavor and divine sacrifice its possibilities are to be made actual.

And now have we a man in our mighty commonwealth who, in large degree, and conspicuously above all others, combines these high qualifications for the senatorial office? Have we one who is at once a perfect gentleman, a strong moral character, a finely-cultivated scholar, a broad-looking, deep-thinking statesman, and an embodiment of the best hopes and aspirations of the best class of the young men of to-day? That we have such a one, dear to all who know him, of whom the State is already justly proud, of whom it would have reason to be far prouder should it call him to more conspicuous service, is the assurance of very many. After this, need there be written the name—George William Curtis?

M.

BOATING SONG.

By Annie Matheson.

SWING, sway, little boat!
Sing, comrade, sing!
The day
Has taken wing,
And fled away
Away!

Mountains clasp the lake
In strong embrace;
Rise, Moon,
Through dim, blue space,
Golden and glowing, soon,
Soon, soon!

Plash, plash, little waves,
Against the falling oar,
While sweet
Our voices soar
And mingling meet,
Meet, meet!

Grow, Stars in the sky,
Till the deep lake
Burn bright
For your dear sake
The live-long night,—
Long night!

Little town ashore,
Let lamp and fire
Warm shine
Mid roof and spire,
Till I see mine,
And *thine!*

THE MILLENNIAL OF ICELAND.

By Charles L. Brace.

IT is a few years more than a thousand since one of the daring Norse Vikings, hearing of a strange land far off in the wild and stormy North Sea, which one or two adventurers had touched upon, started out from the Norwegian coast in what was almost an open boat. He touched at Shetland and the Farœes, as the last land known to man, and then plunged out into the unknown sea. His only guides were three consecrated ravens he had taken with him. One he let off as he was leaving the Farœe Islands, but she returned to the land; still keeping on in the wilderness of waters for some days he released another, but the bird, after soaring to a great height, flew back to the vessel. The bold rover still sailed on, and after several days released the third. The raven flew away towards the unknown West, and, after the wild bird, into the stormy waste of waters, sailed the wilder rover of the sea, until the ice-covered peaks of the new land met his view. From the unusual quantity of drift-ice in one of its northern bays, he named the land "Island" or "Iceland." His adventurous voyage must have covered some seven or eight hundred miles of distance. The first true settlement of Iceland, however, was, if we may trust the dates of the Sagas, precisely one thousand years ago.

The accounts which the "Raven Floki"—as the daring Viking was now called—gave of the new land stirred up other adventurers. Two cousins, Ingolf and Leif, who had fallen into some of the usual "unpleasantnesses" which marked the life of Norwegian gentlemen in those days, or in other words had murdered a number of people in family-quarrels, were obliged to quit the country, and precisely a thousand years ago this summer they sailed away with their families and friends to the strange land.

In traveling in Norway I have occcasionally observed in the old houses of the *bonder* two long wooden pillars on each side of the principal seat opposite the fire. These are the pillars of the home—the *penates*—and these, when consecrated, the Norwegian Vikings had taken with them, and now threw into the sea, as they approached the coast, to indicate where they should found their new home. It happened that Ingolf's pillars drifted to the beach, where is the present capital, Reykjavick. His tomb is still pointed out on Ingolf's fiall, a high hill, which he chose that hereafter his spirit might have a better view of the land he had discovered.

To reach the island a voyage of five or six months was necessary, and a large vessel, capable of containing stores, serfs and cattle, so that only the well-to-do could make the venture. The danger and trouble, however, were attractive to that wild race who have transmitted to the English and American people the adventurous and daring qualities they possess, and especially their passion for the sea. They liked the solitary independence of the new land; and there were besides political causes which now drove the wealthy yeomanry of Norway out of that kingdom. Harold Haarfagar (the Fair-Haired), a victorious Norwegian king, was seeking to introduce into his kingdom that system which had sprung up so naturally among the weaker populations of Central Europe, the Feudal system, to take the place of the "udal system" of the Norse people, where every farmer had his own little independent holding, and every *jarl* or prince possessed his own estates in his own right.

This independent population which had chosen their own kings and to whom in their Parliament or *Thing*, all laws and measures were referred, could not submit to hold their land on the condition of military service to a king. They resisted vigorously, and at length, in a great battle, were defeated disastrously at Hafursfiord (885). Many of the surviving *bonder*, or yeomen, and the petty princes got together their property, and sailed away for Iceland, so that for sixty years the island was settled by the best blood of Norway. The new colony was accordingly no ordinary settlement. Pirates as the first settlers were, they soon, from the necessity of the case, were obliged to forego such means of livelihood as robbing on the sea. Careful systems of law and administration were framed very early in the history of the colony. Judges and magistrates were chosen; and among other laws, some of remarkable stringency were passed, designed not only to extirpate pauperism, but the very race of paupers; and even thus early a kind of system of insurance was framed to provide against the accidents from volcano, fire, storm and flood to which they were so subject. Their Congress or "Althing" had many of the best political features which have distinguished parliamentary government in all branches of the Teutonic race since. Every free-holder voted in it, and its decisions governed all inferior courts it tried the lesser magistrates, and chose the presiding officers of the colony.

To this remote island came, too, that remarkable profession who were at once the poets, historians, genealogists and moralists of the Norse race, the Scalds. These men, before writing was much in use, handed down by memory in familiar and often alliterative poetry, the names and deeds of the brave Norsemen, their victories on every coast of Europe, their histories, and passions, and wild deaths, their family ties and the boundaries of their possessions, their adventures and voyages, and even their law and their mythology. In fact, all that history, and legal documents, and genealogical records and poetry transmit now was handed down by these bards of the Norsemen. Iceland became their peculiar center and home. Here in bold and vivid language they recorded in works which posterity will never let die the achievements of the Vikings; the conquest of almost every people in Europe by these vigorous pirates; their wild ventures, their contempt of pain and death, their absolute joy in danger, combat and difficulty. In these, the oldest records of our forefathers, will be found even among these wild rovers the respect for law which has characterized every branch of the Teutonic race since; here, and not in the Swiss cantons, is the beginning of Parliament and Congress; here, and not with the Anglo-Saxons, is the foundation of trial by jury; and here, among their most ungoverned wassail, is that high reverence for woman, which has again come forth by inheritance among the Anglo-Norse Americans. The ancestor (at least morally) of Raleigh, and Nelson, and Kane, and Farragut appears in these records, among those sea-rovers, whose passion was danger and venture on the waters. Here, too, among such men as the "Raven Floki," is the prototype of those American pioneers who follow the wild birds into pathless wildernesses to found new Republics.

And it is the Norse "udal" property, not the European Feudal property, which is the model for the American descendants of the ancient Norsemen.

In these Icelandic sagas, too, is portrayed the deep moral sentiment which characterizes the most ancient mythology of the Teutonic races. Here we have no dissolute Pantheon, with gods reveling eternally in earthly vices, and the evils and wrongs of humanity continued for ever. Even the ghosts of the Northmen have the muscle of the race. They are no pale shadows flitting through the Orcus. The dead fight and eat with the vigor of the living. But there comes a dread time when destiny overtakes all, both human and divine beings, and the universe with its evil and

wrong must perish. Yet even the crack of doom finds not the Norsemen timid or fearing. Gods and men die in the heat of the conflict; and there survives alone, Baldur, the "God of Love," who shall create a new heaven and new earth.

It is from Iceland that we get the wonderful poetic and mythologic collections of the "Elder" and "Younger Edda." In this remote island the original Norse language was preserved more purely than it was in Norway or Denmark; and the Icelandic literature shed a flood of light over a dark and barbarous age. Even now the modern Icelanders can read or repeat their most ancient sagas with but little change of dialect.

But to an American one of the most interesting gifts of Iceland to the world is the record of the discovery of Northern America by Icelandic rovers near the year 1,000.

We think few scholars can carefully read these sagas, and the accompanying in regard to Greenland, without a conviction that the Icelandic and Norwegian Vikings did at that early period discover and land on the coast of our Eastern States. To some "Raven Floki," the flight from Greenland to the coast of New England would have been no more difficult than from Norway to Iceland. The saga, too, is closely interwoven with those in regard to the colonization of Greenland, which, till the eigthteenth century, were thought equally fabulous, but in 1733 the ruins of the ancient churches and colonies in Greenland were rediscovered by the Danish explorers, and the historical truth of one portion of the sagas confirmed. Why should not the other be equally true? Moreover, the plainly mythical portions of the story rest on a clear foundation of fact which would not easily have been imagined. Thus the shortest winter-day is stated with such precision as to fix the latitude near the coast of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and yet, in another season, the mythical addition is given of a German getting drunk on wild grapes.

But the facts below the myth are evidently that wild grapes should grow in that latitude, which is certainly one of the features of the natural history of our coast.

Much doubt has been thrown on their relations of grain, growing wild, as if it were wheat. But why may it not have been maize?

The account of the "Skrellings" or feeble Indians, like the Esquimaux, has seemed to many improbable, and yet six centuries before the landing of the Pilgrims it might easily have been possible that a weak Arctic race of Indians extended down to a region afterwards occupied by the Red Indians. On the whole, the narrative seems as little overladen with mythical additions as the voyage of Columbus would have been had he never returned to America, or as others are which are proved to be historical.

Iceland, then, has the honor of having discovered America.

One often wonders what it was in that savage island, with an almost Arctic winter, the desolating volcanoes covered with glaciers and eternal snows, its wild coasts shut off from the whole civilized world, and a climate of winter and storms, which could have attracted men of such intellect, and created such a literature in a barbaric age.

That volcano-raised island, with its mountains of ice and valleys of lava and ashes, has played no mean part in the world's history. But its day is past. Famine, pestilence, disease, earthquakes, lava-flood and tempests have dimished its population. It is a mere adjunct of Denmark, with little mental or political life of its own. And the thousand-year anniversary of the State which will be celebrated during this summer will only recall past glories, and the achievements of a race, the fruits of whose vigor are to be seen on far distant continents and among remote races.

HYACINTHE AS A CONSERVATIVE.

BY LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

GENEVA, *June* 13.

THE Reformed Catholic Church of Geneva has reached a crisis of supreme importance.

This Reformation does not differ essentially from that of three hundred and fifty years ago, in the fact that many have taken part in it as mere politicians, or as unbelievers who are for "reforming" their old religion not because they wish a better one, but because they prefer none at all. As Calvin had his "Libertines" to deal with, so Hyacinthe has his free-thinkers, who call themselves Old Catholics. And that famous historical scene in the old cathedral where Calvin "fences the Lord's table" with his own meagre arms against the armed mob clamoring against the discipline of the church which barred them from the Eucharist, hardly presented anything more heroic than the scene in the great *Salle de la Reformation* last Sunday night, where Hyacinthe, in the course of a speech of nearly two hours in length, announced that either he must hold this movement for Catholic Reform fast to Catholic principles, or he must renounce and abandon it. His act of four years ago, in coming out solitary and unfriended from the great church of which he had been one of the most shining lights—coming forth to three years of poverty, silence and inactivity—was less honorable to him than his act of Sunday last, when, thronged with followers and admirers, backed by the power of a State endowment, in the full career of outwardly successful reformation, he declares that the moment the Reformed Catholic Church shall depart from the principles of the Gospel and church of Jesus Christ, he must depart from it.

What is the nature of the present crisis, which has long been visibly approaching, may best be judged from the discourse itself, which Hyacinthe has just pronounced, on TRUE AND FALSE CATHOLIC REFORM.

"There are really two movements, (he said,) under this one name of Catholic Reform. One is that which we have attempted—a true reform, a conservative reform, and for that very reason a progressive one, for as Machiavelli profoundly observes, the method of perfecting any institution is to carry it back to its original principles.

"The other is not *reformation* but *revolution*. I love reformation, but revolution I detest; and, as a Frenchman, have I not reason to? For in France while we have had twenty revolutions, we have not accomplished a single reform. The infallible result of this destructive reformation, or revolution, would be to deliver over the Latin races, for a generation to come, to the undisputed sway of ultramontanism, and to frustrate once more the holy dream of the holiest men of Christendom, through all the ages of papal corruption, from Bernard of Clairvaux down to the Council of Constance and ever since—the dream of 'the reformation of the Church in Head and Members.'

"The conditions of any reform worthy of the name of *Catholic* are these:

"1. The avoidance of schism;

"2. The maintenance of the traditional doctrine of the Church;

"3. The wise and temperate reformation of its discipline, as far as possible, through the action of its legitimate authorities.

"1. The *fact* of schism, so far as that is implied in separation from the see of Rome, is inevitable. It is not our work, and when it is forced upon us by the act of the late Council, and of the present Court of Rome, we accept it as a temporary necessity. The Council which (as Father Gratry said) 'began with an ambuscade, and wound up with a *coup d' état*,' can bind no honest conscience. I did not wait for the *coup d' état*; I rejected it from the ambuscade, while those of you who are now accusing me of being 'too slow' (*retardataire*) were still remaining silent in the ranks of the ultramontanes or of the free-thinkers. I do not care to answer the silly and malicious story that my late visit to Rome was in order to seek reconciliation with the Vatican. That reconciliation will not take place except on two conditions: the Pope must renounce his claim of personal infallibility, and he must bless the cradle of my child!

"But while the *fact* of separation has taken place, the *principle* and *spirit* of schism must be avoided. We should be acting in a schismatic spirit if in this great work of religious reform, which extends to every part of Catholic Christendom on both sides of the ocean, we were to act as if every parish, or region, or nation, were at liberty to go on in independence and disregard of all the rest. The impression that we in Geneva have been acting in this spirit has been an occasion of grief to the Old Catholics of other lands, and of exultation to the Ultramontanes. Let us beware of giving arms to our calumniators.

"I go further: We have no right to separate, absolutely and forever, from the Catholics who have submitted to the Vatican decrees. Our separation from Rome is only a separation from its corruptions and abuses. We have broken with the medieval and modern papacy, not with the ancient primacy, the center of the common fellowship of the universal church, which had its seat first at Jerusalem, and then at Rome, and may yet be transferred to some other see.

"Furthermore, we are not going to act in a spirit of schism—that is, a spirit of selfishness and hate—towards the Ultramontane Catholics of this canton. Taking the canton through—city and country—they are the majority. We must either win them to our side—which is not to be done by answering insult with insult—or we must live beside them in peace as good neighbors and fellow-citizens of different faith. Let us beware of rousing between Catholic and Catholic those evil passions which, thank God, no longer exist between Catholic and Protestant.

"2. Now, as to the maintenance of the Church's *doctrine*. The Catholic Church—nay, the Christian Church—is in its very essence dogmatic. It holds to certain truths that are revealed; therefore objective; therefore absolute; therefore immutable. The Catholic Church claims the authority to fix, in distinct formulas, the outlines of that mysterious truth which we see, as St. Paul says, 'dimly, in the mirror' of Revelation. Quit these formulas, and you quit Catholicism, for they are of its essence. Now what I fear, in our movement, for those who are ready to forsake the traditional dogma of the Church, is not bold scientific speculation, nor flights of mystical sentiment, but that coarse, vulgar deism which is the very opposite of real science and piety, and of which every man conscious of real religious wants will say, like the Israelite in the desert, 'My soul loatheth this light food.'

"I found, on my late visit to Belgium, a curious document in illustration of this. There, at Brussels, they have tried to create, for disaffected Catholics, a new church on the triple basis of hatred of Rome, democratic—or demagogic—polity, and rationalist deism. The Ultramontanes can never do half the harm to the cause of Catholic reform that is done by reformers of this type. The day when such doctrine, or rather such negation of all doctrine, shall get the right, under the pretext of that independence of parishes which I reject, to utter itself in a single one of the Reformed Catholic pulpits of this canton, I shall not wait till the morrow to leave my place entirely free to the apostles of the new religion.

"3. What, then, remains to be reformed? Nothing but the discipline of the Church—a thing which, as all theologians allow, varies with time and place, is liable to corruption and abuse, and therefore subject to reformation. And is this a small matter? Nay, a reform here would bring new life into the whole Church; in one sense, it would make a new thing of its doctrines themselves. And in this matter we are bound to proceed slowly and deliberately, and in a spirit of unity and submission to authority.

"But have we not failed at this very point, at Geneva, and gone on with a programme of merely individualist reform? I think not. The programme of this movement has not been mine, nor that of any other individual. It was imposed, by the force of providential circumstances, alike upon us all. When I came hither the election of pastors was already inscribed in the law of the land, and the rejection of demoralizing compulsory confession was inscribed in all your hearts. In my own person I brought hither the holy liberty of the marriage of priests. My marriage had been contracted at a time when I belonged to no particular church, and was answerable only to my own conscience and to God; but it was approved by the common sentiment of all. And as to the liturgy, how could one rightly withstand the aspirations of a people demanding to be suffered to speak to God in their own tongue, in which they were born?

"All these four points, which may be called our programme, I submit, for my part, to our future Synod and our future Bishop. I speak without personal interest. I am a Frenchman, and a husband and father. Your Bishop ought to be a Swiss, and, for reasons pertaining to the present time, he ought to be unmarried. I seek to usurp no power. The only power that I demand is that which is needful to the preservation of that trust which has been providentially thrown into my hands. At this crisis we have, as yet, no regular ecclesiastical authority. These parish-councils and superior-councils have no spiritual authority. Until the day, not far distant, I trust, when we shall have our Bishop, there is no one but myself to exercise religious authority, and, God helping me, I will exercise it, or withdraw!"

I am compelled, for brevity's sake, to strip this long and powerful speech of its splendid rhetorical decorations, and wholly to omit the conclusion, in which the orator repudiated the claim of those who were Catholics neither by faith, nor even by baptism, but only by electoral registration, to share in the spiritual government of the Church; and distinctly declared himself in favor of accomplishing, as speedily as possible, the complete liberation of the Reformed Catholic Church from all dependence on the State. The sketch which I have given will show you how boldly and squarely the leader in this movement grapples with its greatest danger—the spirit of infidelity and zealotry that is to be found among its own followers.

It remains to be seen whether this manifesto will result in a split. I think not; for the little circle of clergy are nearly unanimous in the sentiment of their leader. One only, M. Quilz, curé of Chêne, who has shown a disposition to go off reforming on his own hook "without tarrying for any," has put forth a feeble and not very respectful "answer to Father Hyacinthe," which will help bring to an early issue the critical question now pending. I think, but am not certain, that the question will be favorably settled.

DREAM-LIFE.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

LET me lie still—lie still and dream again,
And bind the severed links of the golden chain
That glimmered through my morning sleep, but snapped
When at my door you tapped.

"Breakfast—and half-past-eight"? What's that to me?
What's daylight? What are muffins, toast, and tea?
"Market," and "raining hard," and "bills to pay,"
I think I heard you say.

Ah, yes; this is no dream. I must suppose
There are such things. This is a world of prose.
But I was far away. How real it seemed,
And yet I only dreamed.

I was a welcome and a happy guest
In a brave palace. Upward from the west
Long shadows of the lingering afternoon
In a long day of June

Lay on a lawn. The palace windows burned
In the red sunset, as I downward turned—
A group of youths and maidens at my side—
Down to a river wide,

Upon whose waves the western sky lay red.
A barge awaited us; and overhead
Streamed rosy wreaths of cloud. We sped along
With joyous talk and song

Away, away—into a land of light,
Where it was neither morn, nor noon, nor night,
But dream-light only; and a city stood
Beyond a tropic wood.

And in the pathway to that happy place
All was incessant change of time and space,
With sudden sweet surprises, as we went
In measureless content.

And friends—the absent and the dead—were there;
And some we never saw, yet seemed to wear
The mingled traits of those we used to know,
Went passing to and fro

Through festive halls, through gardens strange and rare;
And all were young, and all were happy there.
How could you wake me from a dream of bliss
To such a place as this?

'Twas hard to leave that life for one so mean,
For prose, and duty, and the old routine
Of work. Yet, now that I am up and dressed,
I know that this is best.

The lordly soul is master of its own.
The fair insanities of dreams have flown.
They were but moonlight flashes—broken gleams
Along its flowing streams.

Another light rebukes the tinsel dress
Of drifting fancies wild and rudderless;
Nor can the night's dull jesters now impose
In Reason's borrowed clothes.

And as I plod along, I know that life
Is but the stuff from which with toil and strife
We weave our robe of thought and creed—and tinge
With dreams its outer fringe.

Work—work while daylight lasts; and let the night
Spin her thin webs of visionary light—
The rainbow hues that span the cataract
Of life and living fact.

Lecture-Room Talk,

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A PERSONAL RETROSPECT.

FRIDAY EVENING, *July* 3, 1874.

IT is one of the infelicities of our prosperity that we have no privacy; and it is impossible for me, as a pastor, to indulge in confidential communications in my church. I might as well stand in Broadway, and shout down the street confidential communications to my friends. That which is entirely proper for the private ear does not always sound so well on the housetop, and that that which is proper in a family meeting, a church meeting, may not sound quite so well in the morning papers. Nevertheless, this is the last prayer-meeting that I shall be with you for now a period of three months. It is a period, too, of the summer, in which sicknesses and acute diseases abound, to which I am as liable as you are; and as the last week has drawn on, I have had impressed upon me, as I have always had from year to year, not sadly but very strongly, the feeling that I may never meet my people again. This may be the last prayer-meeting, and next Sunday may be the last Sunday, that I shall ever be with you. I know there is such a thing as repeating these last words until they are hackneyed, and have lost all force; yet a seasonable indulgence in them may be profitable; and indeed we have a justification of it in the example of the Apostle Paul, who looked back on his ministry, and recounted his own motives and experiences. And now, I mean, to-night, as your servant, and as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, to say a few words in respect to my history and ministration.

I was called toward the Christian ministry from as early a period as I can remember. There was no definite reasoning about it. I grew up finding that everybody expected that I would be a minister—my father, my mother, my sisters, everybody. I did not know the point of transition.

My father was eminent in his day; he was a warrior; and through him my young imagination was very much kindled. When I had finished my preparatory studies, and was called to go into the field, my father stood foremost, probably—at any rate, to us children his name was a very great name; and yet, the idea of measuring myself or my ministry by him never entered my head. The temptation naturally would befall a man, under such circumstances, to say to himself, "Will you go out and try to be as great a man as your father?" but I can almost say that I never had the thought cross my mind. My love for my father was such that I would have been ashamed to be as great as he was, even if I could; and I would have been ashamed to think that I could be as great as he was.

As soon as I left Lane Seminary, at the invitation of some one whose name I do not now remember I crossed the Ohio river to Covington, opposite Cincinnati, and went into a hall where an attempt was being made to establish a New-School Presbyterian church. I preached there every Sunday, not knowing what would become of my work, and caring more to fulfill my duty than anything else. My first and only feeling was, "Here is a place that certainly needs work, and I can work."

After preaching there three or four Sundays, I was called, by Martha Sawyer, a Yankee woman, to go to Lawrenceburg and preach. There was a church in that place composed of about twenty members, of which she was the factotum. She collected the money, she was the treasurer, she was the manager, she was the trustee, she was the everything, of that church. Lawrenceburg was not a very proud metropolis then, nor has it attained to such a stature now. It was twenty-two miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio river. I went there to work simply because there was a vacant church there, which was small, and needed a laborer. In that spirit I entered that field, and worked for two years, when I was called, without any agency of my own, to go to the capital of the State, to take charge of the New-School Presbyterian church which had recently broken off from the Old-School Presbyterian church. There, in Indianapolis, I labored eight years; and then I came to Brooklyn.

When I came here, I came here without any expectations, and without any ambitions. I had no thought of the future. I had scarcely any care about it. I remember distinctly saying, on coming here, "I am determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified; I am determined to preach the Gospel as a power, and not as a doctrine; I am determined to preach the Gospel of Christ as a means of comforting and edifying and enriching men, and not as a means of establishing one creed or sect, as compared with another." That was the feeling that I had very strongly when I came here; and I recollect writing to Mr. David Hale, that if he expected me to come to Brooklyn to build up Congregationalism, as an *ism*, he was very much mistaken, because I would never do any such thing.

I need not tell you that since then, when we shall have come together once more, I shall have been with you twenty-seven years, so that my ministry or ministerial life has extended over nearly forty years.

I went into the ministry with two living truths. The first was the spiritual helplessness of men—the universally low estate of men, and their need of divine help; and the second was a sense that God, as revealed in Jesus Christ, was a God of infinite resources of compassion and patience and helpfulness. I have aforetime told you how I came to that experience. The consciousness of the spiritual helplessness of men and the spiritual helpfulness of God was my stock in preaching. All the rest that I had was conventional, legendary. I had been taught it, and I preached it because I supposed it to be the right thing to preach. I never discussed either of those two topics that I was not conscious that there was touched in me a spring, a certain vital element, which transcended anything that I felt on any other subject.

In all my early ministry, then, and in all my intermediate ministry down to this day, I think I can say, first, that I have never preached from ambition—that I have never sought a great name nor an eminent place. I have not been displeased with praise when I thought it was deserved; I have never been without a sense of the pleasantness of the favor of men who were to be respected; but, as God is my witness, this has never been the motive of my action. I have never sought influence nor praise, as the inspiring motive of my ministration.

I have worked from three considerations—the love that I have for God, the love that I have for my fellow-men, and because I could not help myself. It was in me, and it had to come out. I was made to be a preacher, and I have preached just as fountains run. The Apostle said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;" and I suppose my experience may come somewhat within the scope of his meaning. I was held back from doing anything else. From the beginning of my ministry I think I was graciously led to accept as my brethren all who named the name of Jesus Christ, and whose faces were set as though they would go to Jerusalem. This was a good deal; because I was born into a litigious country, and in a litigious age. My father was arraigned before the Presbytery and the Synod for heresy; and distinctions in theology were made subjects for strife and contention. All that controversy which is so fascinating to the young imagination was going on; and I went into the field just after the division took place between the Old and the New School Presbyterians; and the Campbellites were active, each sect struggling for a livelihood: and yet it pleased God, from the beginning of my ministry, to breathe upon me the spirit of sympathy and love for the whole brotherhood of Christians. And though I did by my pen, as I recollect, before I began to preach, write some articles against the Roman Catholics (which, by the way, will never come to light; for they were printed in a little evening daily, in Cincinnati), I believe these were my only utterances against any other sect or any church of another denomination. I have aimed to treat all sects and churches with a manly frankness, criticising them as I would the churches of my own denomination; but I do not think I ever preached a sermon in my whole life that was aimed to put down any Christian sect.

I look back upon that with a great deal of pleasure; for, as I thought all sects, in various degrees, were near to the truth, some being nearer to it than others, I interpreted Paul's declaration as applying to them all:

"What, then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretense or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, and I will rejoice."

He rejoiced, when he was in bonds, that some preached Christ of contention, hoping to add affliction to his bonds; and that others preached Christ of love, knowing that he was set for the defense of the Gospel. Either way he was glad that Christ was preached. And I had a feeling that the preciousness of Christian truth was such that if you broke it into fragments, and any denomination had a fragment of it, the savor of the love of Christ in a fragmentary condition in any sect was such that I ought to rejoice in it; and in the main I have done so.

Early in my ministry I was called to consider the question of slavery; and this appealed in my nature to the tendency of universal fellowship with all men—a feeling which I had long before the philosophy of it had framed itself in my mind. I could not help it. I never, from my boyhood—from the time that I was eight years old—heard the question of liberty and independence spoken of, without having a feeling of enthusiasm awakened in me. It was the subject of my dreams and of my waking thoughts. And when the question of American Slavery came up, I could not help, though I made no choice, being put on the side of the weak and mute and helpless—and that at a time when young men just emerging into public life found that all the heads of the church, and all the dignitaries in other departments of life, were running the other way, and were greeted by them with the warning, "You must come with us, or be unpopular." It never cost me a thought. I made no sacrifice. I could not make any. I did not calculate nor reason about it. I was of necessity on the side of freedom, heart and soul. The only consideration that ever came into my mind, as I remember it, was, how to effect the greatest good, and was not for a moment on which side I should act.

In that movement, by which I was called to study largely the political economy and history of liberty in our country, and the effect of slavery in the different States, my mind insensibly grew more and more patriotic; and I loved this whole land. I loved New England, because I was of it, and because all my early associations and education were connected with it; but I learned to love every part of this country, until my love for it became an enthusiasm; and no man, only God, knows how much my pride has suffered to think that I lived in a great land into more than half of whose States I could not enter for fear of the halter. Nobody can tell the intensity of the sorrowful indignation with which I contemplated the fact that in more than half of this land the press could not speak, the pulpit could not speak, and I could not travel. It was not bitterness—it was something inconceivably higher—that I felt. I had a pride for my country. I had a love for it which was akin to the love of a mother for her child, or of the lover for his mistress.

So that sentiment of religion, according to the working of God's providence in my nature, became so associated with my whole country, that I could not separate one from the other; and I could not analyze them.

Well, the great war passed, and liberty came; and from that moment I laid down all controversial discussion, and studied for the things that should repair, build up, restore, cement and conciliate; because I loved my whole country; because I loved every State in it, and every part of it; and because I bore its sorrows in my soul.

Since that day, more and more my mind has been working towards larger and larger views of the nature of the Divine soul—especially of the sympathetic nature of the Divine soul—of God's great love as made manifest in Jesus Christ, and the destiny of the whole race.

I have nothing to say as to the struggles that I have gone through (many and very deep) further than I speak from Sunday to Sunday as to the modifications of my views, the enlarging of the horizon, the change from the sterner features of the old Puritan theology to those views which bring into more glorious light the power of God for salvation through Jesus Christ. As I find in the Puritan system, or rather in the Calvinistic view, a constant attempt to augment the glory of God, and fill the whole universe with him, my mind, by a natural reaction, went in the other direction—namely, toward an interpretation to mankind of the sympathy, the compassion and the everlasting power of God. I had such a sympathy for mankind, I saw them born so poorly, I saw them reared so ignorantly, I saw them to be so feeble in conception and so helpless in all spiritual things, that it seemed to me that if I should lift up over and above them the idea of a stern and dictatorial God, such as I had been instructed in, it would crush them. What mankind needed, it seemed to me, was the breast, and not the hand in chastisement—a mother-God.

So I have been led (and I think by the divine spirit) to enlarge the horizon, and augment the power and the beauty, of love. I have been seized, at times, with an inconceivable ardor, an unutterable longing, so to describe the character of God that men should not be willing to let it die; that it might stand above the horizon in the memory and imagination of men, and draw little children, and maidens, and grown-up women, under burdens and trouble, out of their afflictions toward this great Source of light and joy.

In doing so, I have had your sympathy, and that of thousands; and that has been remunerating to me; but if I had had none of it, so great has been the sweetness of the work itself that I should have felt that I had my reward more and more as I went along.

I have passed through various experiences, such as belong to all men that take an active part in public life; but not one too many; not one that, when I come to see it from the other side, in the light of God's countenance, I shall feel that I could have left out. I do not complain of any burdens or any crosses. Between my soul and my Saviour I have a most perfect path. My trust is in Christ Jesus with an implicitness and an utter and absolute rest for which there are no words. I see, in such a sense, the mediatorial work of Christ; I see such a power in the revelation of God's nature as over against the infirmities, and weaknesses, and sinfulness of my own nature, that I seem to be caught up in the great flood of God's love, and to float on it as a ship floats on the Atlantic Ocean; and the storms that trouble at the same time propel, and sweep the bark sooner across the sea. So that, come what may, life or death, or whatever else, my hold upon God is incontestable, my comfort in God is unquestionable, my joy in God is continual. These experiences are not unchecked. There is to every day a night; there is to every summer its appropriate storms, which are afterward its blessings; and to my life there have been its proper disciplines; but God is just, and measures all things right; and of one thing I am certain—my crown, my joy. And be sure that when I stand in the presence of the revealed God, and you come up thither, we shall clasp hands in the eternal blessedness of heaven together. I shall be by the side of Him who loved me and gave himself for me; and you, if you continue in the faith, shall stand there likewise; and the memory of earthly trouble shall be like the memory of last year's storms.

This is, in very brief, a recapitulation of the very interior of my ministry; and I can sum it all up, and say, conscious of great weakness, conscious of having treated with infinite defect the great themes that transcend human handling, that I have given to my work among men the very best strength and the very best thoughts that I had. I have not spared myself in my life. I have not worked from sinister motives, nor

from selfish ones. I have wrought with imperfect motives, to be sure: nevertheless the imperfection has been of the higher range; and I have worked in the spirit of love and sympathy; and I have worked for the work's sake—no man shall take from me this boast; and I have worked for the whole Israel of God—for black, for white, for my own country, for every land,—for the honor of the name of God; and I have been a thousand times remunerated; and in the long ministry that now stretches out behind me, when I look back upon it, though I have nothing for which I would praise myself, I can say, in the face of my Saviour, and for his honor, that he has strengthened me to pursue a course which I believe he thinks to be manly, not for the good of a party or a sect, but for the good of universal man, and for the glory of the universal God.

What is for the future I know not; and I care not—that is, in this sense I care not: it is in the hands of Him who is wiser and better than any of us. I commit everything to the hands of God. Living or dying I am the Lord's—that I know; and, living or dying, are not ye the Lord's?

Life is speeding fast. The spool is almost unwound for many. One and another will drop off during this vacation. We shall see their faces here no more. But that is no trouble. When to step out means to step up, when to die means to live; when to go means to be glorified—what is the trouble under such circumstances?

Let us, brethren, gird up our loins, and take a clearer look, and swear the love-oath anew, and go forward until we meet and rejoice together in the kingdom of our Father, and of his Son, our dear Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS.

By Rev. S. B. Halliday.

THERE is a widely prevailing impression that there is little or no suffering or want among the poor in the warmer seasons of the year; that as frost passes away poverty ceases to pinch, and the poor are emancipated for the time. But I sometimes think the summer almost harder for the poor than winter. It is practicable in winter to make their rooms warm, and furnish suitable clothing; but how are their close and unventilated rooms to be made less than almost unbearable during the heat of summer? Think of the sick, day and night on their hot beds, in an atmosphere almost stifling to you as you go in from the outside. No language could exaggerate what I have seen and felt many times, and what all workers among the sick and poor are made constantly familiar with.

I am heartily glad so many can get away from the discomforts of the city to the seaside and mountains during the heated period, but do not want them to forget those of us whose privilege it is to remain with the poor, sick and dying. I would not lessen the enjoyments of those who are not to have a city odor salute them for two or three months, by reminding them of those that are to swelter and suffer here, but simply say to them, If you can do anything to lessen their burdens, improve the opportunity.

My attention was lately directed to an American widow with seven children. By her own industry and the earnings of the two eldest children she has been enabled to give food and shelter to her brood of fatherless children, one of them, a little girl six years old, entirely blind. She has no work now, and the boys only partially employed, so that she is in great straits. When I called she had a dying baby in her arms, a few weeks old, which she took to nurse (its mother having died), and she had taken the little thing in charge to earn something with which to feed her own. She appears to be a true mother, and still feels terribly the death of her husband. If she could have employment for herself and two eldest children she would not need charity; now she is in want.

To-day a young widow, the mother of two boys, seven and nine years old, called on me. Her husband died six years since, leaving her a few hundred dollars in bank. His death was very sudden, and having been brought up by indulgent parents, and marrying almost as soon as she was out of school, her husband in comfortable employment, it was a heavy load to her to take the cares that came when her husband was brought home dead. Her youngest child sickened, and after a long and expensive illness died. Placing her little boys at board, she found employment by day in an establishment in the city as a sort of forewoman and accountant; and at the close of her day duties would go to her room and work often most of the night, writing with stencil plates hymns and Scripture texts on canvas rolls, such as are used in Sunday schools, for which she obtained two and sometimes three cents a line, in this way earning almost as much as she obtained for her services during the day, enabling her to pay her children's board and her very limited personal expenses until recently, when she was thrown entirely out of employment. She came to me hoping I might be able to direct her to some way in which she might earn an honest livelihood. Would be willing to do anything, and regard no proper employment a degradation. She was educated at one of the best and most popular Female Seminaries in the State, is very intelligent, sensitive and refined. Her husband, who was considerably her senior in years, was sheriff of the county in which they resided when they were married. She is a Christian woman, a communicant in the Episcopal Church. The terrible stagnation in all business here makes it quite out of the question to help her to employment now; but I could not see her dejection, and the tears falling, remembering her exposure, and say less than "You shall not suffer, and when you are in want come to me." She shall be to me as I would have my child or sister be to another should it please God to lead them to such a trial.

I make no appeal; but if any have something to appropriate to the needy, these stories will help such to an understanding that *we have the poor always with us.*

A few evenings since two little colored children came to me with a note from their mother appealing for aid, saying that she was dying with consumption and suffering for necessaries. It was after nine o'clock, and I said I would call next day, as I was weary and it was some distance from my dwelling. When I called the poor creature had fled from hunger and heat to rest where suffering and want are strangers. I was not slow to see that the husband and children had food. These are a few of a multitude of cases that could be stated.

69 Hicks Street, Brooklyn.

TWO LETTERS FROM MR. BEECHER.

THE letters here given will explain themselves. We give them in the order of date:

Brooklyn, *June* 27, 1874.

Gentlemen:

In the present state of the public feeling, I owe it to my friends, and to the Church and Society over which I am pastor, to have some proper investigation made of the rumors, insinuations, or charges made respecting my conduct, as compromised by the late publication made by Mr. Tilton.

I have thought that both the Church and Society should be represented; and I take the liberty of asking the following gentlemen to serve in this inquiry, and to do that which truth and justice may require. I beg that each of the gentlemen named will consider this letter as if it had been separately and personally sent to him, namely:

From the Church.—Henry W. Sage, Augustus Storrs, Henry M. Cleveland.

From the Society.—Horace B. Claflin, John Winslow, S. V. White.

I desire you, when you have satisfied yourselves by an impartial and thorough examination of all sources of evidence, to communicate to the Examining Committee, or to the Church, such action as may then seem to you right and wise.

Henry Ward Beecher.

To Messrs. Sage, Claflin and others.

Having ascertained the willingness of these gentlemen to serve as requested, Mr. Beecher addressed the following letter to the Examining Committee of Plymouth Church:

July 6, 1874.

Dear Brethren:

I inclose to you a letter in which I have requested three gentlemen from the Church and three from the Society of Plymouth Church (gentlemen of unimpeachable repute, and who have not been involved in any of the trials through which we have passed during the year) to make a thorough and impartial examination of all charges or insinuations against my good name, and to report the same to you, and I now respectfully request that you will give to this Committee the authority to act in your behalf also. It seemed wise to me that the request should proceed from me, and without your foregoing knowledge, and that you should give to it authority to act in your behalf in so far as a thorough investigation of the facts should be concerned.

Henry Ward Beecher.

The Examining Committee, recognizing the representative character of the men thus appointed, unanimously adopted the action of the pastor, and formally authorized the gentlemen named to act as a Committee on its behalf, and report the result of their inquiry for its information and further action.

The committee commenced its work on Monday, June 29th, and will prosecute it to the earliest possible completion.

Members of the Investigating Committee.

The information given below concerning the gentlemen composing the Committee of Inquiry is taken from the daily papers, but in reproducing it the *Christian Union* endorses its correctness:

Henry W. Sage is a deacon of the Church and a trustee of the Society. As a business man and a citizen he is widely known. He is an extensive dealer in lumber; a man of unbending integrity and recognized business sagacity. His liberality is attested by his giving $10,000 to found the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching" in Yale College; $300,000 to found the "Sage College for Women" in Cornell University; $40,000 towards the building of a church in Ithaca, N. Y., his former home, and by his generous and discriminating private charities.

Augustus Storrs, of the commission house of Storrs Brothers, is a man known and respected in Brooklyn and in business circles in New York. He is a member of the Plymouth Church Board of Trustees, Treasurer of the Society; a man of ample means, and kind, charitable disposition, clear sense and consistent Christian character.

Henry M. Cleveland was originally a Connecticut man, and did good service a few years since on the State Board of Education. He has been a member of Plymouth Church some fourteen years, is a member of the Examining Committee, and in business is a keen-sighted, genial, honorable man. He is a member of the large paper house of H. C. Hulbert & Co.

Horace B. Claflin, one of the Trustees of the Society (and, with the exception of its President, James Freeland, the oldest member of that board—in service, not in years), has always been known as one of the foremost men in the affairs of the Society, one whose generosity, integrity and ability are facts of public knowledge.

John Winslow is the District Attorney for Kings County, appointed by Governor Dix, and is a member of the law firm of Van Cott & Winslow in this city. He is a sound lawyer, a respected citizen, an honest man. His partner, Judge Van Cott, is a leading member of the Church of the Pilgrims (Dr. R. S. Storrs), and was on the special committee calling the late Congregational Council.

S. V. White, the Church Treasurer, is prominently active in all the Plymouth Church and Sabbath-school work. He is a banker and broker in New York, a man of high reputation for integrity and success.

"SO LONG TO WAIT!"

By Mrs. S. M. Walsh.

SO long! so long! so many months and years
Lie yet ahead, and all replete with pain;
Each day, unfolding, I behold through tears,
And night but wraps me in my grief again.

Oh, had my life but passed its early prime
It would not, could not, be so hard, I know;
Were my locks whitened by the touch of time,
And my light step grown faltering and slow;

Could I have kept thy hand in mine, dear one,
Till we had reached the downward slope of years,
Then had to loose my clasp, and go alone
My onward way, in loneliness and tears;

I should have thought "so soon, so very soon
The evening-time will come, and I can sleep
Beside my darling;"—now, alas! the noon
Has not come yet, and I must wait and weep!

Only one Winter's snows have wrapped thy grave,
And the first Spring drops blossoms on the sod;
And I must live, and struggle to be brave,
And stay my broken heart alone on God.

But oh, dear love, mayhap I shall not wait
So many weary years ere I can go
With swift and joyous footsteps through the gate
That closed on thee a little while ago.

But should the longest stretch of life be mine,
I never shall grow old in heart, I know,
For my young husband, in his manhood's prime,
Shall walk beside me all the way I go!

Books and Authors.

THEODORE PARKER.

Theodore Parker: A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Every reader of this book must thank Mr. Frothingham for the admirable manner in which he has performed his office of biographer. In point of literary workmanship, the volume has the highest merits. The writer's style is delightful—pure, clear, and vigorous, never labored or sensational; the transparent medium of thought that is itself as clear-cut as a statue. As a literary artist, Mr. Frothingham has few rivals. He has given us a most graphic portrait of the man of whom he writes. It is impossible to judge with full confidence of the accuracy of the picture without a knowledge of its subject at first-hand. But the description bears internal evidence of a large measure of fidelity. Mr. Parker kept a voluminous journal, and carried on an immense correspondence, and Mr. Frothingham draws very freely from these sources. In the delineation wrought by his own hand, he impresses us in the main as being faithful to the historian's office. The classification which puts Mr. Frothingham and Theodore Parker in the same school of theological thought and tendency seems to us altogether inaccurate. We are much more impressed by their differences than by their agreements. But we get the impression that Mr. Frothingham has very fairly represented Mr. Parker in those qualities and tendencies in which he differed from his biographer. The most serious defect we find in the work springs from a quality which seems to us common to both men—an inability to do justice to men whose position is more conservative than their own. In our judgment it was a mistake to reproduce some of Parker's bitter and unjust censures on his opponents, and a greater mistake for the biographer to lend his own sanction to so many of them. We wish that in a future edition Mr. Frothingham would insert, in the form of notes, some of the counter-statements which have been called out on these points. In thus palliating the tinge of partisanship, he would increase the merit of a work which will probably stand as a valuable chapter in American history.

What kind of a man, then, was Theodore Parker? In the religious history of America, perhaps no name has roused such strong and such contradictory emotions as his did while he lived. Fourteen years have passed since his death, and these passions have so far subsided that a calm estimate of the man's real character may be attempted, and some measure of agreement may be reached among candid men of all parties. It is indeed too soon to fully estimate his work. We are not far enough off to measure its results. Besides, the ideas for which he contended are yet so much in debate that there must be a wide difference among intelligent and sincere men as to how truth and error mingled in his

teaching. It is somewhat amusing to observe the calm way in which Mr. Frothingham assumes that the age has come to see some things as he himself sees them. We may note, once for all, that in the great positive affirmations of a fatherly God and a personal immortality, Theodore Parker was not only perfectly clear; he threw the whole force of his nature into these beliefs; to him they were the supreme certainties, the inspiration of his preaching and of his life. His biographer remarks that "the intensity of his faith in Providence and of his assurance of personal immortality seem almost fanatical to modern men who sympathize in general with his philosophy." This is to us as if one should say that the belief of Copernicus in the revolution of the planets about the sun appears an antiquated delusion to men who agree in general with the Copernican astronomy. So we are told that "Jesus no longer holds the place that Parker gave him." Not in Mr. Frothingham's mind, certainly; but does he seriously mean to tell us that with the majority of the most intelligent and thoughtful class throughout Christendom, Jesus has fallen into lower esteem than Parker held him in? Such an assertion is not worth controverting.

With such immense discrepancies of opinion between the writer of this Life and a great part of his audience, we may safely say that the time has not come for any general agreement as to the exact proportions of truth and error in Parker's beliefs, or of good and evil in his work. But, when we turn to the man himself—his personal traits, natural and acquired, his tastes, his capacities, his disposition—we are on more settled ground. Theodore Parker came of old New England stock. His father and mother were plain people. All his life long he was a man of the common people. His thought and speech relished of the soil from which he sprung—the sense, the shrewdness, the intellectual courage and vigor, the practicality, the freedom, the moral earnestness, of the Yankee stock, together with other qualities peculiar to the man himself. Some rare qualities entered into the personal equipment which he inherited. His mother was a woman of deep and tender piety. She "had a sweet, fresh, instinctive devoutness." "The father was a religious man of the grave, earnest sort, without much emotion." From his mother the child drew in by birth and education that religious faith which entered largely into the ground-work of his character. An exquisite story is told of how, when a little boy in his fourth year, roaming the country fields about his home, he went to pluck a splendid rhodora, and saw at its root in the shallow water a little spotted tortoise; with boyish impulse he lifted a stick to strike it, when something checked his arm, and a voice within him said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." Wonder-struck, he hastened home to tell his mother the tale, and ask what the voice was. With tears in her eyes she took him in her arms, and told him that some men called it conscience, but she liked better to call it the voice of God; and that his life depended on his always heeding this voice. "I am sure," says Parker, "no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me." The incident enfolded a partial prophecy of the future man—the strong elements in him of humanity, conscience, thoughtfulness and devoutness.

The family were poor, and the boy had to work his way through college and the theological seminary at Cambridge. One of the reader's first impressions is of the wonderful activity and acquisitiveness of his mind. At an early age, he went over immense fields of reading and of study. He mastered many languages, ancient and modern, drank deeply of classic and Oriental literature, was a great student of German learning and philosophy, and was omnivorous toward knowledge of all kinds. He loved it for its own sake, yet a strong practical tendency brought his learning to bear closely on the questions of his own time in which lay his chief concern. The materials which he had gathered in the study he freely used in the sermons which were addressed not to scholars but to the common people. For a man who was above all things a practical worker among men, his scholarship was very remarkable. Yet we doubt whether some of the finest fruits of scholarship did not escape him. Wide familiarity with the thoughts of other men ought to bring, it seems to us, a humility of intellect, an unwillingness to dogmatize, a respect for opinions different from one's own, which Parker scarcely possessed. His method of teaching was rational, but it was also dogmatic. The truth he saw was to him almost the only truth; he had little respect for forms of thought which were not his own. His fervid and vehement nature swept in from every quarter support for its own convictions; admitted freely modifications on special points, and sought sincerely for new truth; yet was insensible to possible truth in those ways of thinking which were essentially different from his own. This, it seems to us, was the conspicuous limitation of Parker's intellect. In general, it was vigorous, incessantly active; not remarkable for originality or delicacy; largely directed by a sense of practical utility; impatient of all limitations; resting always on a basis of profound spiritual faith. His mind was rationalistic, but it was the reverse of skeptical. It subjected to searching inquiry all the special doctrines and forms of religion; the great primary facts of religion were to it unquestionable certainties.

Parker was full of earnest purpose. His humanity was passionate in its intensity. His instincts all urged him toward what seemed to him the useful work of freely declaring his convictions. He had the utmost faith in his own ideas, and that confidence in himself which is apt to go with personal power. He had not only the full "courage of his opinions," but a born warrior's love of battle. Add to these qualities that his religious opinions were formed in a widely different mould from the generally accepted one, and then uttered with freedom and force to the miscellaneous public—and it is clear that a distinguished and troubled career lay before him.

For a few years his ministry was a quiet one, at West Roxbury. He was happily married, but had no children. Gradually, the freedom of his opinions and his ready fellowship with "come-outers," and other birds of ill-favor in ecclesiastical eyes, inspired some distrust among his ministerial brethren. An ordination sermon in 1841 on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," caused a violent outbreak against him among the Unitarians. The battle raged hotly for four years, broken by a year's rest—rest which was work of another kind—in Europe. The Boston Association (of Unitarian ministers) sought to get rid of him, but was unwilling to expel him, and he refused to withdraw. At last, in a pungent letter, he ended his connection with the denomination; and about the same time an independent congregation was organized for him in Boston, where he remained till the end of his life, fifteen years later. Of his characteristics as a preacher; his part in the great reforms of his day, especially the anti-slavery conflict, to which his biographer gives much space; the minor incidents of his life, and finer shades of his character—of these things and much besides we cannot here speak, but must refer the reader to Mr. Frothingham's fascinating story.

Thus far, we have purposely avoided dwelling at length on those elements in the man which brought him into sharp collision with the mass of religious people throughout the country. Of the causes of the aversion and distrust with which he was regarded by the religious world at large; both the causes which inhered in the views he held, and those which lay in his methods of work—we must speak in another article.

MR. BAKER'S LAST NOVEL.

Mose Evans. A Simple Statement of the Singular Facts of his Case. By William M. Baker. Author of "The New Timothy," etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1874.

Mr. Baker has given us another good novel. Its central feature is the development of a rough backwoodsman, full of natural nobility, by the influences of love and religion. The character of this Mose Evans seems to us fresh in conception, and strongly drawn. The figures of General Throop, a South Carolinian of the old *régime*, and of Odd Archer, the prime scapegrace of an Arkansas settlement, are life-like and excellent. The other personages of the story are less noticeable, and the women strike us as dim and shadowy. Mr. Baker seems to us out of his element when he attempts such unique and subtle characterization as in Agnes Throop and her mother. He is at his best, in our judgment, when he is dealing with flesh and blood; and his essays in the region of weird creations, such as Hawthorne was most at home in, are hardly successful. This book has the great attraction which belonged to his earlier novels, of graphic portrayal of the picturesque, semi-barbarian life of the South-west. Equally good are the glimpses of the old feudal chivalry of South Carolina. The author deserves thanks not only as an artist but as a patriot for the unforced and very effective way in which he touches the springs of respect and sympathy for those who, with upright intent, staked their all on the "lost cause," and in its fall were ruined. Hardly anything in the book is better than the description of General Throop's view of the nation as entering on its decadence—with his classical parallels, his hopelessness, and his antique virtues shining out nobly as the old type fades before the new. We suspect that the most permanent value of the book will be found to consist in its incidental but vivid portrayals of such phases of national history. Its blemishes are chiefly in respect of taste. Its second title, for instance, is wholly inappropriate; the book is not a "simple statement" but a regular novel. There runs through it something of this same ineffectual attempt at realism. It is owing to some such purpose, we suppose, that the man who tells the story is made to be so aggressively and wearisomely conscious of his own deficiency in gentlemanhood as compared with the magnificent General Throop and even the degenerate Odd Archer. So, too, the story-teller spoils some of his best things by stopping in the middle to apologize for telling them so badly, to explain that he is only "a plain business man," etc. But in spite of these defects, and a frequent roughness of style, the book is a very good one. Not the least of its merits is its religious tone—genuine, simple, earnest, and reminding us a little of George MacDonald.

NOTES.

We have received the following note:

Your number for July 1st contains an article written by Rev. E. C. Cummings, from which we quote the following:

"As to Mr. Hare, I have his own word that the American abridgement was not only printed without his consent, but in direct defiance of his earnestly expressed wishes."

This has reference to the *Records of a Quiet Life*, published by us, and we desire to state that the work was certainly brought out without Mr. Hare's consent, but the remainder of the quotation is simply untrue.

Yours, very truly, ROBERTS' BRO'S.

The editor of the abridgment, a clergyman of high standing, also writes us that he, as well as the publishers, was quite unaware of any objection to the proceeding on Mr. Hare's part. We infer that the protest, of which Mr. Cummings spoke from personal knowledge, was general in its terms, and given to the public in some form in which it did not meet the eyes of those who issued the condensed reprint. The latter are to be acquitted of a willful defiance of Mr. Hare's wishes; but that a foreign work should be republished in an altered form without so much as a previous notification to the author is an instance of the utterly unsatisfactory condition of affairs for which an international copyright law is the only remedy.

We cannot doubt that Dr. S. I. Prime's new book, *Under the Trees* (Harper & Brothers), will have a wide popularity and give a great amount of healthful pleasure. "Irenæus" needs no introduction or recommendation. He has given us here a collection of discursive, leisurely essays, that may very well be enjoyed "under the trees"—of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, let us suggest, when the mind is unequal to theological or other strenuous religious literature, and indisposed to merely secular reading. On a shady porch, or upon the turf beneath the apple-trees, this volume would be a right pleasant companion, letting the mind easily disengage itself now and then for contemplation of nature's beauty, yet ready always with genial, thoughtful, suggestive converse. The range of topics is wide; the starting-point of a chapter being oftenest in such near-by and pleasant matters as birds, or dogs, or even bugs—let not the English reader shudder! 'Tis but the pretty and harmless beetle, not the *cimex lectularius*, unnamable to ears polite. There are subjects too of larger promise, a night and a day in the Alps, or in the deep; pleasant but not unedged moralities about lying and lending; and musings on still deeper matters, as "Whence comfort comes," and friends in heaven. Whatever the topic, the style is easy and familiar. And from whatever point the thought begins, the reader may expect things new and old, as from the householder's well-supplied treasury—reminiscences of travel, of wide personal acquaintance and long pastoral experience; bits of unfamiliar and pleasantly familiar literary lore; in short, the amplitude of matter joined to the ease of manner that belongs to the best conversation. The binding, paper and print of the book are substantial and handsome.

Mr. James J. O'Kelly has related his experience as a *Herald* correspondent in Cuba in a very readable book, entitled *The Mambi Land*, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mr. O'Kelly's achievement was worthy of the enterprise of a modern newspaper correspondent, consisting of an expedition among the insurgents without pass or permission from the Spanish authorities, which terminated in an arrest and a narrow escape from summary execution. By Castelar's order he was sent to Spain, and finally released after some months' confinement. He has related his experiences and observations in a graphic and satisfactory way, rarely yielding to the temptation of fine writing, and not mixing his inferences with his testimony, after the manner of unskillful witnesses. His descriptions of Cuban life are full of interest. The simple account of the every-day aspect of a slave plantation which he visited gives perhaps a deeper impression of the horrors of the system than any sensational account of single outrages could do. Mr. O'Kelly does not write like a partisan, but his account of the state of things in the island will produce strong sympathy with the cause of the insurgents.

Here is a *Gift Book for the Million*, by the Rev. D. Y. Heisler (Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board). It is the story of the Prodigal Son, amplified and enforced to over two hundred duodecimo pages, with the best intent certainly, and in a manner—as the title-page informs us—"genial, searching, and kind." The author dedicates it to pretty much everybody—Sunday-school teachers; anxious fathers and weeping mothers; all earth's erring, sinning, and weary ones; but especially to all pious young men and young ladies. He informs us in the preface that these lectures, when delivered, were attended with marked success—which we are glad to learn; perhaps the lecturer's personality gave him a force which hardly appears in the printed page. The book is, in fact, Scripture excessively diluted; a kind of writing which some people may enjoy, but which we fear it is always a mistake to employ upon genuine prodigals with any expectation of reaching them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[*The receipt of all books delivered at the Editorial Rooms of this paper will be acknowledged in its earliest subsequent issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Accompanying memoranda of prices are desirable in all cases.*]

Authors and Titles.	*Publishers.*	*Price.*
Dudley, Col. J. G., "Alcohol: Its Combinations, etc."	Putnam.	25
Heisler, Rev. D. Y., "Gift Book for the Million."	Ref. Church Pub. Board.	
Heyse, Paul, "The Maiden of Treppi."	Henry L. Hinton.	75
Kingsley, Rev. Charles, "Health and Education."	Appleton.	
"Littell's Living Age. 5th Series. Vol. 6. 1874."	Littell & Gay.	
"My Comrades," (By Hd. H.)	Henry L. Hinton.	1 50
Newby, Mrs. C. J., "Sunshine and Shadow."	Peterson.	50
Physiology for Practical Use, (James Hinton, Editor.)	D. Appleton & Co.	
Westcott, B. F., "The Gospel of the Resurrection."	Macmillan.	2 00
Wilson, Henry, "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America." (Vol. II.)	J. R. Osgood & Co.	5 00

We have also received current numbers of the following publications:

The American Builder—The International Review—The Fortnightly Review—New York. *North American Review—Congregational Quarterly—The Universalist Quarterly*—Boston. *The American Journal of Science*—New Haven. *The Bibliotheca Sacra*—Andover. *The Overland Monthly*—San Francisco. *The Christian Quarterly*—Cincinnati.

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Et nunc amoto queramus seria ludo.

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Surplus over all liabilities..... 3,727,785 03
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OFFICE OF THE
Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company,
NEW YORK, JANUARY 28TH, 1874.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1873:

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1873, to 31st December, 1873	$6,511,114 22
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1873	2,212,160 70
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$8,723,274 92
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks; nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked Off from 1st January, 1873, to 31st December, 1873	$6,290,616 73
Losses paid during the same period	$2,980,882 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,258,819 26

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank and other Stocks	$8,507,105 00
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,802,000 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	467,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	422,804 66
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	2,835,302 27
Cash in Bank	521,340 59
Total Amount of Assets	$15,613,642 52

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Third of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1868, will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Third of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled. Upon certificates which were issued for gold premiums, the payment of interest will be in gold.

A dividend of Forty Per Cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1873, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

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The Christian Union

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1874.

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The Publishers' Department contains nothing but matters relating to the business of the paper itself and its relations to Subscribers and Agents.

The Business Department contains advertisements set in "reading matter type" to make them more attractive.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

The great American caricaturist, Nast, has pointed his pencil at Grant in no complimentary manner in the last *Harper's Weekly*. The nomination of ex-Governor Shepherd as a member of the new Commission for governing the District of Columbia, and the appointment of Richardson, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, to a place on the bench, appear to have led the caricaturist to form a new estimate of the President's character, or, at least, to see in his conduct cause for rebuke. The cartoon represents Gen. Grant as sitting in his official chair, abjectly looking down at the legend, "Shepherd rejected by the Senate," while Columbia, at the door of the Senate chamber, is pointing her finger at him indignantly, and saying, "Don't let us have any more of this nonsense; it is a good trait to stand by one's friends; but ——." The rebuke is quite mild for Nast; but it shows him to be less a partisan than he has been supposed to be.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* brings us information that the "sublime Porte" has forbidden the sale of the Bible in Turkey. The announcement of this determination is said to have been made to the American Minister, and, as there has thus far been no confirmation of the report through this channel, we hope it may turn out to be untrue. Christianity has no doubt made great progress in Turkey in the last few years, and it may be that this circumstance has alarmed the Government for the safety of Islamism, and led it to the adoption of measures for its protection. Of course, the Mohammedan priesthood would be very likely to advise the Government to take such measures, for they have always been ready to defend as well as to propagate their faith by the strong arm. If any such restriction has been put upon the circulation of the Bible in Turkey, it is so unreasonable and cowardly, and so at war with the liberalizing tendencies of the age, that it cannot last long.

So we have another Indian war on hand. It is the old old story; a war the responsibility for which it is impossible to fix absolutely upon anybody in particular. The only thing certain about it is, that the Government will spend large sums of money, which will fall mainly into the pockets of the "Indian Ring"; that many Indians, and perhaps many white people also, will be killed; and that, after all, the Indian problem will be just as perplexing as it was before. Shall we never reach an end of this disgraceful business? Not so long as the "Indian Ring" is able to circumvent all the efforts of honest men to make peace with the Indians on a just basis, and to make money by inciting them to violence. We credit Gen. Grant with the best intentions in the management of our Indian affairs; but the machinations of the men who wax fat by plundering the Government on the one hand and the Indians on the other are evidently too much for him, and more than a match, also, for all that is honest in the Senate and House of Representatives. It looks now as if we should go on after this fashion until the last Indian is exterminated.

Among the charges or insinuations hurled by Gen. Butler at the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co. was this: that, under the law admitting the importation of statuary free of duty, they had imported lead in that form, and, after passing it through the Custom-house by this evasion, had immediately thrown it into the melting-pot. The firm, in its recent card, declared the charge to be untrue, asserting that the importation of leaden statuary took place before their co-partnership was formed. A correspondent of the *Nation* having inquired if this denial were not evasive, and if one or more *members* of the firm in question had not been concerned in the trick, the editor of that paper replies in the negative, saying that not one member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., had anything to do with the transaction. The story, as far as they are concerned, is a myth without any foundation whatever, but which has been circulating through the country for years, both as a capital joke and as a remarkable example of human depravity. The *Nation* gives the finishing touch to the story by saying that, as Mr. David A. Wells has shown, the men who did import the lead in statues did nothing wrong and nothing clandestine. They imported it openly, and under a defective clause in the tariff, which was only one of several; and imported it not in New York, but Boston; and their right to do so was tried in the United States District Court, Daniel Webster appearing for the defense, and the Judge instructed the jury to find for the importer, which they did, and there the matter ended.

Our highly esteemed friend, Gerrit Smith, argues in favor of the constitutionality of the Civil Rights bill in a way that does not seem to us quite convincing. The point made by those who doubt the constitutionality of the bill as a *national* measure is, that the protection it is intended to afford devolves upon the States. Mr. Smith says that one of the rights of a citizen is to come to Washington to transact business with the government, and therefore Congress is bound to guarantee to him, while traveling for that purpose, the use of hotels and all the vehicles of public travel. Let us think of this a moment. The right to come to the seat of government implies the right, on the part of the traveler, to life, and to the money he carries on his person. But suppose he is robbed or murdered on the way; does the National Government undertake to punish the criminal? No. The citizen in such a case has only the protection afforded by the government of the State in which the robbery or the murder took place. Congress has made no law, and nobody has proposed that it shall make any, to cover such a case, because everybody admits that the duty of such protection, by the constitutional theory of our government, devolves exclusively upon the States. We presume Mr. Smith will admit that the States have *some* exclusive functions, and that the National Government has *some* limitations; and yet, if his reasoning is sound, we cannot see that the States have any governmental functions whatever, or that there remains any reason for their existence. But if citizens can depend on them for the protection of their lives and property, why not also for the vindication of their rights in places of worship or amusement, in hotels and railway-cars?

POOR TRAY.

AFTER Milton, the civic dog finds himself born too late. History held the record of a day when the poet might have soared on freer wing in the high reason of his fancy, with his garland and singing robes about him. The traditions of a dateless ancestry must stir poor Tray to memories of a time when his race was honored and beloved of man; nay, worshiped and entreated with sacrifices.

No occidental dog of well-regulated mind desires to revive that uncomfortable distinction. But mastiff and terrier, hound and spaniel, shepherd and Spitz, Newfoundland and Saint Bernard, may boldly stand for justice in memory of the services of their kind. And even that nameless poor relation of prosperous canines, the "yaller dog" of country huts and city alleys, might beg for mercy. For these patient, faithful, taciturn creatures have been the unselfish friends and servants of man since that unamiable savage, roaming the woods naked, suddenly bethought himself to make a coat of his companion's skin. In fact, your dog is your only unquestioning and absolute lover. A man must be agreeable to be thought agreeable by his friends; tender, to be cherished by his children; filial, to be deeply desired even by his parents. But his dog will cling to him through evil report and good report, suffer, starve, die at his hands, and count itself happy in the opportunity.

No animal has been half so celebrated in history and none has half so well deserved that immortality. Was it not a dog that Plato swore by? Did not the dog of Alcibiades cost seventy minas, and astonish Athens even more by his sagacity than by his beauty? He seems to have been the only creature whom the coarse caprices of his master could not alienate, and certainly his wrongs would have justified his secession. That modern general greater than the Greek, William of Orange, loved his dog as well, and treated him much better.

The Merry Monarch who kept faith with no man, and believed in no woman, cherished his dogs with a tenderness that showed a possibility of genuineness in that pinch-beck character. Perhaps he inherited the trait from his grandmother, Queen Ann of Denmark, who tended a whole menagerie of those pets, and paid a very pretty annual bill to worthy Master Heriot, the court goldsmith, for their gold and silver collars, and emblazoned blankets. It was reserved to that royal lady's successor, her present Majesty of England, to unearth the ugly terrier of Skye from its modest retirement, and present it to a sycophantic world, not as a phenomenon but as a fashion. In short, the names of the royalty, nobility, and gentry that have become famous as the patrons and encouragers of dogs would satisfy Mrs. Jarley herself of their claims on genteel attention.

But literature, also, has made them her own, and art has loved them. Who thinks of the great Sir Walter without Maida? What lover of Mrs. Browning has not a tender thought of Flush? How can heroic little Miss Mitford be separated from her beloved spaniel? Who of us ever read that perfect history of *Rab and His Friends* without a suspicious mistiness of vision? Who is not grateful to the invisible, beloved Schneider for the constant comfort which that tender-hearted, undeserving scapegrace, Rip Van Winkle, finds in his dumb companionship? To how many of us are not the only remembered events of the evil reign of King John the signing of Magna Charta and the death of Gelert, the hound? To how many does the mention of contemporary English art bring up, first, the dogs of Landseer? What countless stories of canine sagacity, fidelity, courage, self-sacrifice, crowd all our memories to justify that pithy saying of Hamerton, "I pity the man who can live a dogless life!"

Never was there a more pathetical exhibition of persecuted innocence than the condition of the typical dog to-day. And, as usual, it is Madame Rumor, ignorant and bigoted, who has wrought the mischief. Thus it is. Ages ago the long-headed Egyptians, careful in all things, observed that the Nile rose annually with the heliacal rising of a certain brilliant star. This star, therefore, they named Sihor, the Nile. And because its coming warned them to their terraces above the reach of the flood, they politely typified it as a dog, or a man with a dog's head. The Latins adopted the star as Sirius, but forgot, or never knew, the significance of its name, and folly and fable assigned it an increasing influence on the heat, and a consequent balefulness. Hippocrates and Pliny reported the popular belief that on the day of the rising of this star wine turned sour, dogs went mad, all other animals began to waste, and man to droop. The Romans even sacrificed a brown dog to the evil-minded luminary to appease his rage. We moderns go farther and seem inclined to slay the whole race because the imaginative Egyptians complimented a useful star with canine attributes.

It is probably useless to remind the believers in the malevolence of Sirius that that slandered orb twinkles at the comfortable distance of two trillions, two hundred thousand billions of miles from our proper planet, and that the illustrative cannon-ball, traveling at the rate of four hundred and eighty miles an hour, might reasonably desire to rest before the end of the five hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and eleven years which it must take to reach there. Under these circumstances, certain minds would doubt whether the appearance of the dog-star kindled the fires of our blazing July and August. And their doubt would gather strength from the well-known fact that the procession of the equinoxes constantly postpones the heliacal rising of the ill-reputed summer visitor, and, in the course of five or six thousand years, will bring about its annual advent in frosty November.

Science declared long ago that hydrophobia was not a midsummer madness, and that the practice of muzzling dogs was a useless cruelty. Every year, notwithstanding, the large cities are subject to an epidemic of panic-terror concerning rabies, and of panic barbarity toward its possible or impossible victims. Perhaps it is not too much to

say that the fostering of the lowest instincts of the *gamin* by the establishment of the dog pound, the system of rewards for dog-taking, the publication of the horrible details of authorized dog-torturing, and the spectacle of the selfish and cruel vindictiveness of a whole community toward one dumb animal, threatens a greater danger to society than the unhindered bite of the maddest of quadrupeds that kills the body, and after that has no more than it can do.

Let us have a spasm of sense. Worthless and dangerous curs should doubtless be dispensed with, but quietly, privately and painlessly. All other dogs have a right to their harmless existence. They have a right, also, to an unmuzzled nose and unlimited water. Thus cared for, July develops no more rabies in the poor creatures than January. Men are certainly more irritable in the blaze of midsummer. We have no right to expect a superior virtue in the uncatechised dog. If he is teased and trifled with, he very properly remonstrates in the only way open to him. It is wisdom to be patient with him as with one another, and leave fellow-dog and fellow-man as much as possible to themselves on these scorching days. A mad dog is a most horrible fact, and well-nigh an unknown one. A mad man is hardly more agreeable, and, alas! by no means uncommon. Just now there seem to be some hundreds of thousands in this city alone, and a mental quarantine from which they could be discharged only when cured appears a more necessary restraint than a dog-pound.

OUR RELATION TO GOD PERSONAL.

THE doctrine of the personality of God involves and implies the personal relation *to* him of every human being; and this is at once an exalted privilege and a high responsibility. We can neither understand nor enjoy the one while seeking to evade the other. Each human soul is directly and personally related to God, as a child to a father. It is created in his image and likeness, and fitted for conscious personal intercourse with him; and such intercourse is as indispensable to its life and normal growth as food is to the sustenance of the body, or as the light and warmth of the sun are to the growth of vegetation from the earth's bosom.

For this intercourse with God there is and can be no substitute. There is no power in any priesthood or church, and no efficacy in any ceremony or ordinance, however ancient, or however freighted with sacred associations, that can supersede it. Nay, the very effort to find a substitute for it is an affront to God, an impious attempt to evade a sacred and solemn responsibility. And when priesthoods and churches, which can only justify their existence as helps to the soul in its efforts to find and enjoy God, place themselves between that soul and its Maker, and seek to impose themselves upon it as the exclusive channels of Divine influence and the authorized purveyors of the Divine favor, they become an offense in the sight of God, "the abomination of desolation in the holy place." Churches may indeed guide the soul, bewildered and wandering, to God, as light-houses may guide the mariner on a rock-bound coast; but as light-houses do not supersede the personal responsibility of mariners, so neither can churches relieve their members of the necessity of finding God for themselves, and opening their hearts to the direct influence of the Divine Spirit.

Do we seem in this to disparage the church and the ministry? God forbid. We believe in both with all our hearts, and would honor both in their true office and function; but we cannot forget that God made man, while men organize the churches and select the ministers. The latter stand to the former in the relation of helps, not of masters—of means, not of ends. In other words, churches and ministers are made for men, not men for churches and ministers; and the latter will be powerful for good just in proportion as they recognize their true function and seek to inspire men with a clear sense of their personal relation to God, and to guide them into conscious intercourse with him. God has made provision for churches and ministers in the needs of the race, and in the dispositions which he inspires in the hearts of those who love him; just as he has made provision in their wants and instincts for the houses that shelter and the clothes that cover them; and there is just as little danger, while the world stands, that the race will dispense with the former as with the latter. The church needs no other or higher ordination or authority than this, and if it claims any other, it usurps a power which has no warrant in the Scriptures, and is in direct antagonism with the constitution of man and the rights of the soul.

The Gospel of Christ makes its appeal to the individual; the call to repentance and the promise of forgiveness are both addressed to man in his individual capacity. "So, then," says Paul, "every one of us must give account *of himself* to God." If we do not repent, each one of us for himself, and accept the salvation of Christ, the church can do nothing for us either here or hereafter. We must be judged at last according to our personal character, not by our church relations. The church, as an organization, holds no reservoir of Divine power and influence, to be made available, either here or hereafter, to those who, without individual repentance of sin and faith in Christ, have consented to its doctrines and submitted to its ordinances. Churches are needful, and, in their place, to be honored and sustained; but they are not insurance companies, to guarantee eternal salvation to their members. If the church is holy, it is because its members are holy, each one for himself, not on account of any direct endowment from God to the organization, as such; and there can be no superfluity of righteousness in the body, to be made available to those who are found wanting. When we stand before God in judgment, our church membership, in itself, will amount to nothing. Churches will then have fallen away, to be everlastingly forgotten in the presence of sanctified and redeemed men, even as we repudiate and forget the scaffolding when the building is completed.

This is not the individualism that disintegrates society, putting men asunder from each other in the pride of egotistic isolation and self-conceit. It is an individualism which lifts the soul to a full realization of its privileges and duties, draws it irresistibly to kindred souls in sweetest sympathy, fills it with compassion for those who have not found the way to God, and impels it to constant efforts for the enlightenment and salvation of the world. It is an individualism that forms churches, ordains ministers, and sets in play all healthful forces for the regeneration of man and society. It is an individualism without which churches will either die or become centers of formality, bigotry and ecclesiastical despotism. The man who walks with God, taking the law from his mouth, opening his heart to Divine influences as the flower opens itself to the sun, and coming thus into fellowship with Jesus Christ, will not be proud or vainglorious, holding himself aloof from his fellows, but humble, childlike, ready to every good work, tender, affectionate, charitable in judging others, and eager to coöperate with his fellow-disciples for the spread of the Gospel by any instrumentality which will not rob it of its power. Any church will be powerful in proportion to the number of such men among its members.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

—Mr. Richardson, of the *Congregationalist*, in one of his letters from California, informs us that that State is ahead of Massachusetts in its provisions against illegal voting. In the first place, the printed list identifies each voter by a number, besides giving his name, age, occupation, street and number of his residence, place of nativity, and the date of registration, thus making it quite difficult for one man to vote in another's name. All the votes are furnished by the State, and of uniform size, a foot long and four inches wide. They are also uniform in color, white, with a slight pink tint. The tickets when used must all be folded crosswise four times, and by no mark indicate their contents; and no person is allowed to show the contents of his ballot, or to offer another person a ballot, within 100 feet of the polls, this distance being designated by red flags upon stakes. Thus California has all the advantages of the secret ballot law passed by Massachusetts some years since through the efforts of Hon. Amasa Walker and others, but soon after repealed.

—Mr. James Lick, the California millionaire, who lately distributed $2,000,000 to various charitable and scientific associations, gave nothing, we believe, to any distinctively *religious* object. As he was the largest contributor to the fund for the erection of a building in Boston to commemorate the fame of Thomas Paine, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to infer that his religious creed would hardly pass muster at Andover or Princeton, or even at Cambridge. Let us be thankful for his wise philanthropy, whatever we may think of his theology. There are many rich members of the Christian church who would do well to take a lesson in liberality from James Lick.

—The Pope, in blessing the French pilgrims, spoke of universal suffrage as "a horrible wound which afflicts human society." If universal suffrage in *this* country is "destructive of social order," it is so mainly through the votes of men subservient to the Papacy, who are endeavoring, under the leadership of the bishops and priests, to break up our common schools. Are we to understand that the Pope would be glad to see the great mass of Catholics in the United States deprived of suffrage, in order to heal the "horrible wound" from which our country is assumed to be suffering? If it were generally understood by our immigrant Catholic voters that the Pope, if it were in his power, would have them all remanded to the condition from which they fled to the New World, there would probably be a very decided diminution in the supply of "Peter's pence," now steadily flowing from this country to the Vatican.

—Men with Congregational notions in their heads are so saucy! Here now is the St. Louis *Central Baptist*, which asks why, if the pastors and elders of Presbyterian churches are capable of adjusting satisfactorily the matter of woman's taking part in prayer-meetings, they may not also be trusted to settle other knotty questions, and thus the expenses of Presbyteries, Synods and Assemblies be saved? Sure enough, why not?

—Henry A. Wise, the man who sent John Brown to the gallows, addressing himself to the people of the North, now says: "There are ninety-nine things out of a hundred in that war that you can't account for in any other way only to say, that it wasn't man's war at all; it was God Almighty's war. His time had come for the abolition of slavery, and the war was not to end till that was accomplished; and I bless God, every day of my life, that it was accomplished." Right, Mr. Wise; but "God's time to abolish slavery" was not arbitrarily appointed. It came about through the instrumentality of the Abolitionists, who prepared the way for the grand consummation by their unswerving devotion to liberty through severe toil and persecution, and in face of a frowning State and Church.

—The American Philological Association assembled yesterday in Hartford, and will close its session on Friday. To the great multitude the meeting will have few attractions, but on scientific grounds it is important. The President of the Association is Prof. Francis A. Marsh of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

—Gen. Grant must have a good laugh if he ever sees in the *Methodist Protestant* the paragraph crediting him with "pluck" in having his daughter married by a Methodist minister! Pray who should have been employed to perform the ceremony if not the President's own pastor? Does it indeed require "pluck" in a President, or anybody else in this country, to be a member of one of the most numerous and influential of the Christian denominations? The idea is certainly original.

—A correspondent at Pontiac, Ill., who sends us his name as a guaranty of his good faith, says that Mr. Eggleston was mistaken in the account he gave last week of Mr. Moody's connection with the revival in that place. He says: "The revival spoken of was begun by Moody and a Rev. Mr. Hall; Mr. Moody remaining in the city but a very few days, and leaving the meetings to be carried on by Mr. Hall, who continued them for some six or eight weeks. Moody never 'swept through Pontiac talking to every man, woman and child he met;' neither did he approach the 'group of politicians' referred to; neither was he 'slapped upon the shoulder.' It was Mr. Hall who had the conversation with the politicians, and the facts are these: There was some excitement over the election of a Congressman, and the 'group of politicians' were talking about carrying the county for their candidate (S. W. Cullom). Mr. Hall said: 'Gentlemen, I have a candidate for whom we must carry the county this fall.' H. H. Brown,—an eminent lawyer of the Livingston county bar—with much apparent earnestness, inquired of Mr. Hall who his candidate was. Hall replied, '*It is Christ.*' Brown slapped Hall on the shoulder, and said (with an oath), 'I'm in—I'm for any man that will beat Cullom.' Mr. Moody has done many good things, but Mr. Eggleston has been misinformed both as to the conversation referred to, and the man who played the prominent part in the great revival in Pontiac and in this county."

—The demand for union among men of different sects is heard throughout Christendom. In London an influential movement has lately been made to promote a union between the Greek and Anglican churches.

—It is stated that not less than 150,000 works of art were sent, during the last year, from the various female art schools in England to the Female School of Art in London. Of these 91,000 were received for examination, 1,200 had received local prizes, and 1,600 had been selected for national competition, of which 100 had carried off the chief prizes. It is found that women do better in water colors than in oil, while in drawing from models there are few but the great masters that rival them in finish and delicacy of touch.

—Dr. Ewald, the learned Hebrew scholar, has been tried and sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for a libel upon Prince Bismarck. The libel was contained in an article written by the Professor in a Particularist magazine, in which the Chancellor was compared to Frederick II. and Napoleon III.—with the former in "his unrighteous war with Austria and his ruination of religion and morality," and with the latter in "picking out the best time possible for robbery and plunder." Dr. Ewald has been a strenuous opponent of the unification of Germany.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

1. *Will not my wife and children be dearer to me in heaven than other celestial beings?*

WE do not know any more about heaven than you do, but it seems natural that life-long associations in affection, joy and sorrow would tend to make wife and children dearer than others. But you can theorize in the dark as well as we.

2. *A young lady wishes to know if there is any wrong in a gentleman, to whom she is engaged, calling on her on Sunday evenings; and if they attend church, is it right for him to come in after returning, or go immediately home?*

It is certainly right for him to go immediately home if he wants to. As to his coming in—why not? When you are married you will hardly turn your husband out of doors on Sunday evening. Why shut him out now? One of the uses of Sunday is the enjoyment of the society of friends. Christ even dined in company on the Jewish Sabbath.

3. *I know a Christian young lady who is engaged to be married to a gentleman whom I have never seen. I love her dearly. She esteems my friendship very highly. Is it right for me to love her when, by so doing, I am weakening her affections for the gentleman referred to, and winning them to myself?*

It is always right and a bounden duty for persons to endeavor to break an engagement when they have ceased to love those persons to whom they are respectively engaged. But no honorable gentleman will, for a moment, entertain the thought of winning the affection of a woman who is betrothed. You have already suffered yourself to go farther than honor will allow. As you value your own happiness, the happiness of the lady, the rights of her affianced and your own character as a gentleman, stop and retrace your steps at once.

4. *I wish to ask a question that has for some time troubled me. I studied intending to be a lawyer, but meantime was converted to dear Jesus. The thought arose that just that power in me which would make me a successful lawyer would also make me a powerful instrument for good as a minister of the Gospel. With these convictions can I be a lawyer and a Christian?*

We do not know. You seem to have a comfortable estimate of your own powers—you may be correct, and you may not. The poorest ministry in the world is that which bases itself on conceit. It takes a different sort of power to make a useful minister from what is required to make a successful lawyer. A good minister ought to have a genuine earnestness of spirit that would forbid his using such cant phrases as "converted to dear Jesus."

5. *I have organized a Sabbath-school where most of the people are Dunkards and "Christians." They claim that the Old Testament Scriptures are not binding upon us, consequently that they are not bound to keep the Sabbath. How shall I prove that God requires, under the Gospel, as well as under the ceremonial law, that we remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?*

Our observance of the first day of the week cannot be founded upon an old testament command to keep the seventh. Grant all that the Dunkards and "Christians" claim, and the Christian observance of the Lord's day rests on the real excellence and usefulness of the institution. Christianity takes us out of the leading strings of times, and seasons, and rites, and bids us walk in liberty, using our own faculties. No command could make the day of rest so binding as a conviction of its excellence and necessity should do. Ceremonial ordinances are abolished, but the common-sense which approves the Lord's Day and makes it binding on all good Christians for the sake of its beneficial results will never be done away.

6. *A guide for mothers.*

One of the best works on the mother and children immediately after birth, is *Napheys's Physical Life of Woman*, published by George Maclean, Philadelphia. An excellent work was written by Dr. Andrew Combe, on *The Management of Infancy*, which can be procured by Leggatt Brothers, upon order. We cannot recommend, without reserve, any book on the mental and spiritual training of children. Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young" is doubtless good, and Miss Peabody's work on the Kindergarten is full of suggestion. Prof. Wiebé's "Paradise of Childhood," published by Milton Bradley, Springfield, Mass., price $3, is illustrated profusely, and is consequently the best exposition of Kindergarten work published in this country.

7. *"Or" and "nor."*

A correspondent sends us twenty sentences quoted from Senator Sherman, Pliny Merrick, Dr. Bacon, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Curtis, Prof. Swing, Dr. Taylor, Gail Hamilton and Daniel Webster, in which, as he thinks, "or" is improperly used for "nor." In almost every case the distinguished writer quoted is correct and our correspondent is wrong. We cannot give the rule, but our correspondent will find it in any good grammar, and the instinct of an elegant writer, such as Mr. Curtis and some of the others quoted, is worth more than all the rules of all the grammars from Lindley Murray to the latest improved edition of the newest teacher of syntax. It is from such examples that the rules of the grammars are deduced.

VARIOUS QUERIES.—A correspondent in Kansas is informed that the balance of power in New York was never in the hands of professed infidels. Our rogues all claim to be good Christians of one sort or other. 2. We do not know the whereabouts of Mr. Murdock, the elocutionist. 3. Mr. Beecher's vacation begins this year after the first Sunday in July and ends the middle of September. 4. "Bric-a-brac" is applied to all manner of articles, curious and valuable, chiefly from their antiquity and associations. Antique household furniture, and ornaments, and curious relics are especially included. Valuable works of art are excluded from the class of bric-a-brac, which properly comprehends the contents of an old curiosity shop. 5. A correspondent in Alexandria, Tennessee, is informed that he will find a good Catholic school in Georgetown, D. C., where also he can doubtless get the elocutionary training he desires.

The Sunday-School.

By providing a plain lunch of tea, crackers, and cheese at the noon intermission, the inventive superintendent of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church in Boston keeps about a hundred persons together for an hour or so and familiarly explains a Bible-lesson to them while they are quietly refreshing themselves. In this way the time passes pleasantly if not profitably for those who come from a distance. But what a superintendent to have! We venture to say that his school is not a lagging one. As for the above plan, Rev. Mr. Trumbull well suggests that it is worthy of imitation in some country parishes where "the horse-shed class" is the largest gathering of Sunday noon.

Miss E. P. Channing's essay on "My Idea of a Sunday-School," read before the Unitarian Sunday-School Society at West Roxbury, Mass., judging from the Boston *Journal's* brief report of it, condensed the whole philosophy of Sunday-school education in a few admirably expressed sentences. The special points, for instance, that she emphasized were, that the school should be the children's church, that the teachers should be left free to adopt their own methods of teaching and respect their own individuality, and that their best preparation is the consecration of the heart, although the Sunday-school invites and can well employ the brightest intellects and most amply cultured minds. The essay was read by Miss Channing's pastor, Rev. H. G. Spaulding, who naturally and justly spoke highly of it. After all, neither methods, lessons, libraries, nor singing take hold of the young scholars so thoroughly as an earnest teacher by whom they know they are loved, and who makes their Sunday-school hour the most welcome and helpful in their experience.

The *Jewish Messenger*, which occasionally takes a melancholy view of the state of religion among synagogue worshipers, has a cheerful word to say about the Jewish Sunday-schools. It has a profound sense of their importance, and hopes yet to see them raised from the primary affairs they are, in too many cases, to the higher school where Jewish children may receive thorough training in the history and literature of their race, the principles of their religion, and the duties which, as Jews, they are morally bound to discharge. The *Messenger* is also gratified "to note in some cases how, side by side with a spiritless synagogue, the little Sunday-school will spring up with life and vigor that promise well for future blossoming."

If the coming Chautauqua Lake Assembly for teachers and others fails to draw a large gathering it will not be the fault of its managers. Not content with the natural attractiveness of the place and the occasion, here is Rev. Dr. Wythe, chairman of the department of "Recreation" doing a really novel thing at the site of the meeting, for the profit and entertainment of those who attend. He is making a Palestine Park of it—or, as the *Sunday-school Times* describes it, "a vast model of the Holy Land, laid out on a scale large enough to enable visitors literally to walk about the country, to ascend its mountains, tread its valleys, go down by the shore of its miniature lake, and its sea, and cross its semblance of a Jordan. It will be as near a model of the geographical and topographical Palestine as an intelligent study of the original and skill in landscape gardening can produce, and will be one of the grandest object-lessons in Scripture geography ever attempted." An original idea, certainly. It only remains now for every teacher to make a pilgrimage to the new Palestine.

That is a just conception of the true end of the Sunday-school expressed by Missionary Meserve of the American Sunday-school Union in California, who writes: "My work is not merely to plant Sunday-schools. However important that may be, I am fully persuaded that joined with it should be a direct effort to lead the hearts of the children to Jesus. It astonishes me to see how, in many cases, Sunday-schools are conducted; instead of being schools for Christ, they are only schools for morality—not that this should be undervalued. I feel it my duty to insist that the true object is to teach Christ, that the scholars may be saved from sin; and my efforts have been wonderfully honored of God and blessed."

Other public men besides Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, can doubtless revert with pleasure to their Sunday-school days and confess, as he does, that their "first taste for general reading" and "the awakening of large thoughts" in their minds date back to the class they used to attend years ago in some plain meeting-house. Mr. Stephens frankly acknowledged, in his recent address to the teachers and pupils of Crawfordsville, that the day he entered the Union Sunday-School was an epoch in his life, and that two o'clock in the morning often found him poring over the chapters of the Bible for the next Sunday's lessons. "To the impressions thus made," he says, "I am indebted in no small degree for my whole future course in life, whether it be for good or for evil. If in the midst of any evil that has marred that course, there is anything good to be found, or anything worthy of imitation, then it is due to that Sunday-school and to the great cause it represents." This testimony is valuable, and must only serve to inspire teachers with a determination to have their scholars receive "impressions" which will last them through life.

Finding that the Italian Bible Society was crippled for want of funds, Rev. W. C. Van Meter, when in Rome lately, pledged the American Sunday-schools for two thousand dollars on the condition that the children of America should have the privilege of presenting the children of Italy with the first ten thousand Testaments printed by it. The schools responded to the pledge, and the Testaments, it is stated, are now being distributed.

Thirty students of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., meet as a class every Sunday to develop their teaching powers and to cultivate a desirable and useful style of Sunday-school address. There is something eminently practical in their plan, for if the schools need one thing more than another it is trained teachers. These students have set an example.

THE EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY DAYS.

No. XII.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

WHILE Mr. Garrison was laying the foundations of the great movement which was to sweep slavery out of existence in the United States, the anti-slavery agitation in Great Britain was rapidly approaching its consummation in the enfranchisement of 800,000 slaves in the West India Islands. That agitation had gained a new and invincible moral power in being placed by its champions distinctively upon the principle of Immediate Emancipation. For a long time, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, O'Connell, Macaulay, and their associates, were under the delusive spell of Gradualism, deceived by the plea that the negroes must be prepared for emancipation, that it would be dangerous to set them all free at once. Of course, the movement was greatly crippled by this delusion; for, if slavery were justifiable on such grounds for a single day, it might be justifiable forever, since the slaveholders would take good care to defeat any and every plan to prepare their victims for freedom. So long as the friends of emancipation could be kept under the spell of Gradualism, the champions of bondage had an easy victory. At length that spell was broken, and by a woman! Elizabeth Heyrick, a Quaker, published a pamphlet, in which the doctrine and the duty of Immediate Emancipation were set forth with such clearness and power that the whole body of British Abolitionists accepted it in a very brief space of time. Clarkson and Wilberforce, Brougham and O'Connell, were not ashamed to be "led out of darkness into God's marvelous light" by a woman! From this time forward the anti-slavery agitation in Great Britain went on "from conquering to conquer," until its triumph in Parliament in 1833.

It seems a remarkable coincidence, that Mr. Garrison, who had never heard of Elizabeth Heyrick, and who knew at that time comparatively little of the workings of the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain, should almost simultaneously with her have discerned the truth and importance of the doctrine of Immediate Emancipation, and laid upon this impregnable foundation the American Movement for the abolition of slavery. But for this circumstance, the new movement, like those which preceded it, would in all probability have proved a failure. The admission, upon any plea, however plausible, that slavery for a single day might be justified or excused, was necessarily fatal to the moral vitality of any movement for emancipation. To Mr. Garrison belongs the honor of first accepting and proclaiming in the ears of his countrymen the doctrine of Immediate in distinction from Gradual Emancipation, and of taking the first steps for the organization of a great moral movement for the abolition of slavery in the United States distinctively upon this ground. It was this that made his name a terror to the advocates of bondage, and a star of hope to the enslaved negro. It is indispensable to the growth and triumph of any movement for moral reform that it should rest upon some distinctive and well-defined principle, capable of being expressed in talismanic phrase, to be passed from lip to lip as a sign and watchword. "Immediate Emancipation" was the rallying-cry of the early Abolitionists, the sign by which they conquered. These words, which struck the ears of thoughtless men as the expression of a wild phantasy, appealed at once to the moral instinct and common sense of minds unperverted by the casuistry wherewith so many in all ages of the world have sought to appease an unquiet and protesting conscience and give immunity to profitable sin. Even those who rejected the principle, with real or affected scorn, could not dismiss it from their minds nor unloose its grasp upon their consciences. It had this advantage, moreover, that the discussion it evoked involved the whole question of slavery, its nature and consequences, compelling thoroughness and earnestness where before there had been only superficiality and indifference.

In turning over the pages of the first volume of the *Liberator* I am surprised to find how little they contain respecting the anti-slavery agitation then so rife in Great Britain. The newspapers from that country must have been full of the subject; but the press of the United States was so under the dominion of the slave-power that the news was either suppressed entirely or treated in such a way as to excite very little interest or attention. Ocean steamers were then unknown, and the sailing vessels often went to Southern ports, where anti-slavery intelligence was either ignored or made the subject of ridicule and denunciation. If the old love of liberty, that inspired the hearts of Americans in the days of the Revolution, had not paled its fires, they would have been the first to hail the British anti-slavery movement and give it all the aid in their power. But, as a nation of slaveholders, we hated and turned from the light that reminded us of our sin and shame. Still, the light could not be wholly quenched. The *Liberator* found its way to England, where Mr. Garrison was generally supposed to be a negro, it being taken for granted that no white man, in a slaveholding country, would espouse the cause of the slaves with the zeal and the uncompromising spirit which he displayed. Pamphlets and newspapers were occasionally sent to him from over the water, from the contents of which he enriched his columns. There were accounts of public meetings, of petitions to Parliament, speeches by anti-

slavery champions, etc. Here is a memorable passage from a speech by Lord Brougham, which was printed, probably for the first time in the United States, in the *Liberator* of Jan. 8, 1831. It will live as long as men love liberty and the English tongue shall be the vehicle of noble thoughts:

"Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of the laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes;—such as it is at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man."

Words such as these, from the lips or pens of the great statesmen, philanthropists, divines and orators of the mother country, to Garrison and his little band of associates, were like cool, sparkling water to men perishing with thirst. What did it matter to them if they were denounced by their countrymen as madmen and fanatics, and their doctrine of freedom scouted by the American press and pulpit, so long as they knew their doctrines were those of the New Testament, and were held and proclaimed by the noblest men on the other side of the Atlantic, and that they would ultimately prevail over all opposition?

It is easy to see now, in turning over the pages of this first volume of the *Liberator*, how the anti-slavery agitation, in spite of public contempt and hostility, grew steadily from week to week. Its friends were full of courage and hopefulness, its enemies grew constantly more and more desperate, rushing blindly and desperately into one absurdity after another in their frantic efforts to suppress or evade the truth. The *Liberator* gained continually in circulation and influence. It was less than four months old when it made its appearance with a new pictorial head, illustrating a slave auction. The design was happy, the engraving excellent for the time. In the central background was an elevated post, displaying the sign, "Horse Market." On the right, in his rostrum, stood the auctioneer with uplifted hammer. On the front of the rostrum appeared the words, "Slaves, horses and other cattle to be sold at 12 o'clock." Before the auctioneer was a group of slaves, men, women and children, awaiting their doom; while on the left stood a whipping post, to which a negro was tied, while his master was flogging him. In the left background was the Capitol of the United States, a flag, inscribed with the word "Liberty," floating over the dome. This picture was deemed especially incendiary, and it naturally angered those who desired to suppress the paper. A representation of slavery so true to the life was calculated to make a powerful impression upon minds unfamiliar with the evils of the system, and I have no doubt that in the families where the *Liberator* was read it did much to enforce the lessons taught in its pages.

In the *Liberator* of October 29, 1831, Mr. Garrison gives this list of papers that "showed a good front" on the subject of slavery: The *Massachusetts Journal*, of Boston, edited by David Lee Child; the *Genius of Temperance*, edited by William Goodell; the Rochester *Observer*, a religious paper, devoted mainly to the promotion of the revivals of religion then so prevalent in Western New York; the Boston *Christian Herald*, the organ of New England Methodism, edited by Wm. C. Brown; the Worcester (Mass.) *Yeoman*; the Lynn (Mass.) *Record*; the New Haven *Religious Intelligencer*; the *Boston Telegraph*, an anti-masonic religious paper, edited by the Rev. Moses Thacher; the *Christian Soldier*, edited by Oliver Johnson; the Philadelphia *Herald of Truth*, edited by Evan Lewis; the Brandon (Vt.) *Telegraph*, a Baptist paper; the New York Daily *Sentinel*; the Stonington (Ct.) *Phenix*, edited by Charles W. Denison; the *Protestant* of New York, edited by the Rev. George Bourne. Most of these were papers of small circulation, and, compared with the leading journals of the country, exerted but a feeble influence; and yet their help at that early day was by no means to have been despised. Indeed, in connection with the *Liberator*, they did much to enlighten public sentiment and prepare the way for the subsequent conflict.

Very little appears to have been done during the first year in the way of lecturing. Mr. Garrison spoke several times in Julien Hall, then under control of the "Free Enquirers," and once in Lynn, where he was greeted by a large audience. The Rev. Samuel J. May, then of Brooklyn, Ct., made a great excitement by a sermon which he preached in the church of the Rev. Dr. Young, in Summer Street, Boston; for an interesting account of which see his *Anti-Slavery Recollections*, p. 20 and onward. It was next to impossible to obtain the use of any church or vestry in Boston for the delivery of an anti-slavery lecture. There was, however, *one* pulpit where the gospel of freedom found utterance, and on Sunday, too, as this notice from the *Liberator* of May 28th, 1831, will show:

"DISCOURSE ON SLAVERY.—The Rev. Samuel J. May, of Brooklyn, Conn., will deliver a Sermon upon Slavery in the United States, at the Rev. Mr. Emerson's Church in Hanover Street, to-morrow (Sabbath) evening, at half-past 7 o'clock."

The man who had the courage thus to open his pulpit to a plea for the American slaves when all other pulpits in Boston were closed to the discussion of the subject is the gentle poet, philosopher and sage of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The act was prophetic of a life than which few have done more to honor the American name and to uplift and ennoble our common humanity.

REMARKS ON DR. EDWARD BEECHER'S ARTICLES ON RETRIBUTION.

No. IV.

BY REV. ENOCH POND, D. D.

IN his eighteenth number, Dr. Beecher speaks of theological schools in the time of Origen, or a little later. We pass over these for the present, to return to them shortly.

The nineteenth number is devoted chiefly to Justin Martyr, and to the proof of his belief in the annihilation of the wicked. Dr. B. admits that Justin taught the doctrine of eternal punishment, but insists that he must have used the word *aiônios* in a limited sense, else he contradicts himself; since in other places, he taught the annihilation of the wicked. But we deny that Justin anywhere teaches annihilation. The only passages referred to in proof of this point are in his report of a conversation with the venerable Christian who was the means of his conversion. The subject of conversation was the Platonic idea of the indestructible nature of the soul. This the Christian denies, and convinces Justin that the doctrine is untenable. He insists, as we all should, that the soul is a creation of God, that it is sustained by God, and will exist after death as long as God pleases. "After death," he says, "the souls of the good continue to exist in some better place; but the souls of the unjust in a worse place, both awaiting the judgment. Then the good, being manifested as worthy of the favor of God, shall never die; but the wicked are punished so long as God wills them to exist and be punished." Now we see no heresy in this, even if Justin had said it. But he did not say it. It was said by the old man with whom he was conversing. We all say that the wicked "will be punished so long as God wills them to exist and be punished," which Justin assures us in more than twenty passages of his writings will be forever.

In another place, the old Christian makes a distinction between the soul and spirit, and says, "As the man ceases to exist when the soul leaves the body, so when it is necessary that the soul should no longer exist, the vital spirit leaves it, and the soul is no more, but returns thither whence it was taken,"*—just as the body returns to the dust at death. But this does not imply that either body, soul, or spirit is annihilated, but rather the contrary.

Number twenty is chiefly devoted to the case of Irenæus. Dr. B. admits that Irenæus, like Justin, often speaks of the eternal punishment of the wicked, but insists (unless he contradicts himself) that he must have used the word *aiônios* in a limited sense. We insist, on the contrary, that he used *aiônios* just as our Saviour and the apostles did, to denote an everlasting punishment; and that to those obscure passages, in which he has been thought to teach annihilation, should be given a different interpretation. And we protest now, once for all, against the practice of seizing dark passages, here and there, from the Fathers, and making them contradict the general scope and current of their writings.

In one of the fragments of the lost writings of Irenæus, he says: "Christ, who was called the Son of God before the ages, was manifested in the fullness of time, that he might cleanse us through his blood, who were under the power of sin, presenting us as pure sons to his Father, if we yield ourselves obediently to the chastisement of the Spirit. And in the end of time he shall come,"—to do that for which he was manifested,—that is, "to do away with all evil, and to reconcile all things, in order that there may be an end of all impurities." In this passage, the writer says nothing of annihilation, but of the ultimate purification of Christ's kingdom. For this end he was manifested, "that he might cleanse his people through his blood, and present them as pure sons to his Father." And in the end he shall come to complete the accomplishment of this great design. He shall come, to do away with all evil among his people, and reconcile all things to himself, that there may be an end of all impurities in his kingdom. Such is not only *a* natural, but we think the *most* natural interpretation of the passage before us.

In another passage, after saying that our life is not from ourselves, but is the gift of God, Irenæus proceeds: "Therefore, he who preserves the gift of life, and is thankful for it to him who bestowed it, shall also receive length of days forever and ever. But he who casts it away, and is ungrateful to his Creator for his existence, and does not acknowledge him who conferred the gift, deprives himself of a continuance forever and ever, and for this reason the Son declared to those who showed themselves ungrateful to him: 'If ye have not been faithful in that which is little, who shall give you that which is great?' indicating that those who, in this brief temporal life, have shown themselves ungrateful to him who bestowed it, shall justly not receive from him length of days forever and ever."† The simple question here is, What is that life forever and ever, which God bestows upon his grateful, obedient people, and which he withholds from his enemies? Is it mere naked, eternal existence? Or is it something vastly, infinitely better? Irenæus himself shall answer this question. "Communion with God *is life and light*, and the enjoyment of all the benefits which he has in store. But on as many as, according to their own choice, depart from God, he inflicts that separation from himself which they have chosen. But *separation from God is death*, and consists in *the loss of all the benefits which he has in store*. Those, therefore, who cast away, by apostasy, those forementioned things, being, in fact, destitute of all good, do experience every kind of punishment. Now good things are eternal and without end with God, and therefore the loss of these is eternal and unending." Lib. v., Cap. xxvii.

This passage may be regarded as a comment on the one which precedes it. As the life forever and ever which God there promises his people is something infinitely more and better than mere continued existence, so the opposite of this involves—not the mere loss of personal existence—this would be a favor to the miserable in the other world—but the loss of all those blessings which go to constitute eternal life, also that separation from God which Irenæus tells us is death—eternal death.

Dr. B. claims Arnobius as an annihilationist; and him we surrender. He seems to have held the doctrine much as our Second Adventists do. The soul of man is naturally mortal like the body; and immortality is the boon which God confers on his people. It is to them a gift of grace. But to the wicked this gift is not imparted. Their souls go out of existence at death. Arnobius lived remote from his brethren in northwestern Africa, imbibed many strange notions—or rather *retained* them—and needed some one to teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly.

We are now prepared to turn back, and examine what Dr. B. says of the primitive theological schools, in his eighteenth number. He says there were six of them, viz., one at Alexandria, one at Cesarea, one at Antioch, the great eastern school at Edessa and Nisibis, the one in Asia Minor, and the last in northern Africa. In four of these, viz., those in Alexandria, Cesarea, Antioch, and the East, the final restoration of the wicked was taught; in that in Asia Minor annihilation; and only in that in northern Africa eternal punishment. We shall see how much of this is true.

In the school at Alexandria, Origen was for many years the principal teacher. But he, as we have seen, was not a final and universal *restorationist*, but a universal and perpetual *rotationist*. How many of his pupils sympathized with him in his views of the future life it is impossible to tell. Not more than two or three gave any evidence of this which has come down to us.

In the school at Cesarea, the same Origen was teacher for a short time; but we have no proof that he taught his rotation doctrine there; or if he did, that any of his students agreed with him.

The schools at Antioch and at Nisibis were favored with the teachings of Diodorus, and of Theodore of Mopsuestia. Of the writings of these fathers only a few fragments remain to us. So far as we may judge from these, it is likely that they held to some form of restoration. But then it is to be considered that this doctrine, at that period, excited but little notice or interest as it had never been made a subject of controversy. It is to be considered, too, that—unlike our present restorationists—these men held fast all the other great doctrines of religion—the Trinity, the supreme divinity of Christ and of the Spirit, the atonement of Christ, depravity, regeneration, etc. Their error on the subject of punishment was chiefly one of speculation, which did not affect their general system, or disqualify them for earnest spiritual effort. Theodore was the teacher of Nestorius, and led the way to the Nestorian schism—a defection grounded not at all on his notions of punishment, but on alleged differences respecting the person of Christ.

I accord entirely with the views of Dr. B. respecting the Nestorians, as expressed in his twenty-second number. They seem to have possessed more of the spirit of religion, and were more successful in propagating it than any cotemporary class of Christians. They preached the Gospel through all Central Asia—even to China and India, and their work remained and prospered for several hundred years. But their missionary efforts had no connection with Theodore's doctrine of restoration. They were never charged by their enemies with holding this doctrine, and Dr. B. confesses that—aside from some fragments left to them by Theodore—he can find no trace of it among them. "I can find the doctrine expressly stated in no Nestorian creed, and by no Nestorian writer."

The school in Asia Minor (if there was any school there) is claimed to have been taught by Irenæus, who is charged, without proof, with being an annihilationist. It should be said, too, of Irenæus that, though a native of Asia Minor, he spent all his public life in the West. He was Bishop of Lyons in Gaul.

So much for Dr. Beecher's five Universalist theological seminaries, leaving only one—that in Northern Africa—as orthodox on the subject of retribution. It will be seen that large subtractions require to be made from some of his representations.

Dr. B. devotes his twenty-fourth number to what he calls the school of Northern Africa, in which was taught the doctrine of eternal punishment. He ac-

* Dialogue with Trypho, pp. 222, 223.
† Advers. Her. Lib. ii. Cap. xxxiv.

counts for this, in the first place, from the use, by these teachers, of the Latin Testament, in which *aionios* is translated *eternus*, the same as eternal. But how came these first translators of the Greek Testament into Latin to make such a translation, if *aionios* and *eternus* do not mean the same? Were they incompetent for their work? Did they not know the meaning of the words they used?

A second reason assigned for the peculiarities of the North African teachers is, they were not acquainted with the works of Origen, who wrote in Greek. But Augustine *was* acquainted with the works of Origen, and devoted whole pages to the refutation of his errors. Especially was he displeased with Origen's theory of "the ceaseless alternations of happiness and misery, and the interminable transitions from the one to the other, at fixed periods of ages."

A third reason given for the peculiarities of these teachers is, "their theology was developed under the influence of the great system of Roman law." We know not how much, or how little, these teachers studied the Roman law. The theology of Augustine was obviously developed under the influence of another law—*the law of God*—that law by which "is the knowledge of sin." His convictions of sin, as recorded in his confessions, were deep and painful—I had almost said terrible—and his conversion was thorough and abiding. He became, under God, the great luminary of the age in which he lived, and sent forth a voice which has echoed through the ages to the present time. He was specially instrumental in reviving and diffusing spiritual, evangelical religion, not only in Africa, but through all the Western churches.

It is true, as Dr. B. says, that the style of religious thought and feeling was very different in Northern Africa from what it was in the East. The former would be called, in modern times, Calvinism; the latter, Arminianism, if not Pelagianism. The Pelagian controversy commenced at Carthage, and, to escape it, Pelagius betook himself to Palestine, where he was not only tolerated, but favored and honored. It is no disparagement to the religion of North Africa that it differed so widely from that which prevailed in the Eastern church.

Augustine was not only a believer in the doctrine of eternal punishment—he argues in favor of it. He bases it on the true scriptural meaning of the word *aionios*, and on the declaration of our Saviour at the close of the judgment: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal"—an argument which has never been set aside, and never can be, so long as the Bible is studied and believed.

Dr. B. closes this number with some additional remarks respecting the meaning of *aionios*. By the help of a Greek critic of the 6th century (Olympiodorus) he comes to the conclusion that when *aionios* is used in reference to a period which, by assumption, is infinite and unbounded, it means *eternal;* but when used in reference to times or things limited, the sense is limited by them. "We can now see," he adds, "that if the coming age is regarded as an endless age, without divisions, or new dispensations, the word *aionios* will include in its idea eternal duration."

Well, we do so regard the coming age—the future world. We have no faith in Origen's theory, that "there is revealed a series of dispensations in future ages, rising one above another." The Scriptures have nothing to say of such successive dispensations. The future world—I mean that succeeding the judgment—is there set before us as one continuous, endless period.

The righteous know no change, except an upward one from glory to glory; while the state of the wicked is unchangeably and rebelliously downward, to all eternity. "He that is unjust will be unjust still; and he that is holy will be holy still." Applied to such a state, according to Dr. Beecher's own showing, the word *aionios* denotes a literal eternity, just as it does when applied to God.

The subject of Dr. Beecher's twenty-fifth number is "General Councils on Retribution." Origen's doctrine of restoration, or perpetual *rotation*, was condemned in a local council, convened by Justinian, in the year 544, and this condemnation is found among the canons of the next general council, in 553. In consequence of these decisions, his alleged errors went very much out of sight and hearing for the next thousand years. Here and there an individual, through the middle and dark ages, may have advanced the idea of restoration, but almost nothing was heard of it, in any part of the Christian world, until the Reformation of the 16th century.

Dr. B. closes his twenty-fifth number with some account of John of Damascus, the great theologian of the Greek church, in the 8th century. He taught the doctrine of eternal punishment, and closes his system with these memorable words: "We shall rise from our graves, our spirits shall be united to our bodies, and we shall stand before the tremendous judgment seat of Christ. And there the devil, and anti-Christ—his man of sin, and also all impenitent and flagitious men shall be given over to *aionion, eternal*, fire—a fire not material like ours, but one which God understands. But they who have done good shall shine forth as the sun, with the angels, unto *aionion, eternal*, life, with our Lord Jesus Christ, seeing him always, and being seen, and possessing an endless joy from him, praising him, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever."

I have not time to pursue the examination of Dr. Beecher's articles further. He nowhere announces his disbelief of eternal punishment. Yet his articles must have a tendency to shake the faith of Christians in this essential doctrine of evangelical religion, and to make the impression that to hold fellowship with modern Universalists is but to follow the example of the early fathers of the church. But such an inference, even if we were to admit the premises, is by no means admissible. Our modern Universalists, in general, are very different men from the few who doubted of eternal punishment in the second and third centuries. With them, the error seems to have been merely one of the head, which did not affect their preaching, their system of doctrine, or their lives; whereas Universalists of the present century, from the days of Murray to those of Hosea Ballou, and from Hosea Ballou to the present time, have rejected most of the great doctrines of the Gospel, and have been entirely unevangelical—the most of them confessedly so—in their preaching and their lives. No two men can be more different, in spirit and doctrine, than Theodore of Mopsuestia, and the late Rev. Hosea Ballou.

The Church.

HOME.

Six months having passed, and Bishop Cummins not having retraced his steps into the Episcopal Church, his deposition from the ministry of that church is now announced officially by Presiding Bishop Smith, the other Bishops concurring. Dr. Cummins probably does not feel so much out in the cold as he might have felt had he not been at the head of a new church body himself. If his Reform movement grows in six years as it has in six months, it will be a considerable and highly respectable body.

More missionaries like the Misses Ely, now at Bittis, Turkey, would doubtless be welcomed by the American Board. These ladies, daughters of a minister living in Erie co., N. Y., some six years ago became so interested in the degraded condition of the Turkish women that they offered to go out and work among them at their own expense, if the Board would give them its protection. They finally went on the Board's proviso that it should pay them the salary of one; but since their arrival at their chosen field they have spent more than this sum in making additions to school-houses or mission buildings, and in books and apparatus to aid them in their work. One way in which they reach the native women is by calling them in to listen to their piano music and singing, in which accomplishment they are proficient. Such labor of love cannot but be effective. It appears that Vermont has the privilege of making up the salary for these ladies this year.

Methodist camp-meetings are clearly not going out of fashion. The one opened at Round Lake last week starts like a monster love-feast. Methodists of all shades and degrees of intensity are there—Northern Methodists, Southern Methodists, Canada Methodists, African Methodists, Colored Methodists, Free Methodists, Protestant Methodists, Wesleyans, Albrights, and United Brethren in greater or less numbers, representing together something like three million Methodists in general. Bishops, secretaries, presiding elders, preachers, laymen and lay women from North and South, East and West, have gone up to the camp to cultivate brotherly love and experience the fullest joy of worship. From all accounts it is proving a great and inspiring meeting, not the least significant feature of which is the mingling of some of the branches of the church which have been estranged from each other of late years.

One point made by the trustees of the Congregational Union in their last report is intended to be impressed specially on such feeble churches as look to it for aid. It often happens now that when a church proposes to commence building, it makes its calculations in this way: "Our house will cost twenty-five hundred dollars. We can raise fourteen or fifteen hundred. The Congregational Union will give us four or five hundred, and then we must go abroad among the churches and collect five or six hundred more." In other words, this church proposes to be helped twice by the contributing churches—once through the Union, and once on private application. But where, ask the trustees, are the funds needed by the Union to pay its grants to come from, if the churches it is trying to aid are all the while deranging the systematic contributions on which it must depend, by making private appeals for more than their fair share? In view of this tendency of needy churches to levy twice on the churches at large, the Union announces that it must adhere more strictly than ever to the rule that it will not aid any church that resorts to private appeals beyond its own immediate neighborhood and its personal friends. The only plan is for all Congregational Churches to send their contributions for church erection directly to the Union, where it can be impartially divided.

There are unmistakable signs that the policy of uniting feeble churches in small places is growing more and more in favor, and that, one of these days, we shall see fewer parishes struggling side by side for existence which would have a vigorous growth were they rolled into one. The Ohio Congregational Conference, at its recent session, happily adopted a resolution on this point, recommending its Home Missionary Society to co-operate with the societies of other denominations in consolidating weak churches when practicable. The Huron Presbytery has unanimously taken similar action, and other church bodies seem ready to do the same. In the Ohio Conference, Rev. H. N. Burton gave his views on the subject so freely and pointedly that they deserve more than a local attention. Referring to the common objection made by the strict denominationalists that they do not believe in delivering up any of their own churches to be swallowed up by other sects, he said: "Well, I, too, believe in Congregationalism, but not to the extent of disfellowshiping and unchurching my brethren in Christ of different name. I so far believe in Congregationalism as to feel assured that if you were to give up a feeble Congregational Church in any of our towns to be swallowed bodily by the Presbyterians or Methodists, it would be the best diet you could give them, especially if they inwardly digested and assimilated it. I should expect they would grow thereby, and that God would be pleased with the increase. If in the judgment of good, praying men it seemed best, after thorough examination of the case, to give up one such of our churches, I should make no doubt that the Lord's cause in general would gain more than we should lose in particular. It might seem a great sacrifice to us, but I am sure it would be a sacrifice of sweet smelling savor to the Lord. And so likewise would it be when the Presbyterians or Methodists, or Lutherans, should give up one of theirs to come and unite with one of ours. It would give us strength."

In Chester County, Pa., there is a small religious society known as "Progressive Friends," which holds an annual convention for the discussion of topics related to the welfare of the human family, and for "fellowship in the spirit." The platform is free to all, irrespective of their theological views, the object being practical, not speculative, and while it usually happens that the majority of those present are quite radical, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Quakers of the old Society often take an earnest and agreeable part in the proceedings. The twenty-second yearly meeting was held on the 11th, 12th and 13th of June, and attracted large and deeply interested audiences. The questions considered, and upon which the meeting uttered its testimonies, were—Religion, Treatment of Hired Men and Women, Political Equality of Woman, Capital and Labor, Reform in Woman's Dress, Child Education and the Kindergarten, Political Duties, Treatment of Criminals, Temperance, Peace. Rev. Charles G. Ames, of Germantown, presided, and among those who took part in the discussions were Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Fielder Israel of Wilmington, Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Montclair, N. J., Fanny B. Ames, and the Rev. Mr. Fraser, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Kennett.

Commencement week at Andover this year varied imperceptibly from former occasions. There were the examinations of the graduating class; the Society anniversaries, speeches, sermons, and alumni greetings. The Seminary turns out twenty-one new ministers, some of whom go direct to fields of labor. The address before the Porter Rhetorical Society was delivered by Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, on the evidences of science and religion, in which he held that many of the supposed antagonisms of science and religion are imaginary. Rev. Mr. Atwood's report in the *Congregationalist* makes Dr. Peabody say that the development theory is not necessarily unchristian. "We might look complacently on an ancestry of apes if we might look forward to a posterity of angels. At any rate, these theories have no validity as against Christian faith." At the Alumni meeting the subject of lay preaching was discussed, after two essays had been read upon it, Rev. Mr. Lamphear, in the negative, taking the ground that our polity regards a man as a minister because of his Christian culture, and that the times do not require laymen to enter this distinctive work. When the subject was thrown open to the meeting a very general sentiment was expressed in favor of lay preaching, or, as Dr. Smith put it, lay *activity*. The discussion was closed by Professor Fisk, of Chicago Seminary, who emphasized the point that in the West material interests are so pressing that it is difficult to induce young men to go through the curriculum of college and seminary, and in the East the expenses of college life are so great that only the sons of rich men can afford a liberal education, and the ministry is only scantily recruited from among them. Yet at the same time the West needed culture in its pulpit. It was the poorest place in the world to send young men out to grass. The problem is a difficult one, how to reconcile these opposite conditions. Among the visitors at Andover was Prof. Bevan, of London, who is to fill Dr. Scudder's pulpit in Brooklyn for the rest of the season.

FOREIGN.

Rev. E. C. Johnson, an ex-officer of the British army in India, and now an Independent Missionary, has recently accomplished the dangerous feat of visiting some of the tribes in Central Asia to explore the ground. He narrowly escaped death from the fiercer Mussulmans, and wherever he went he was obliged to disguise himself as a native. The result of his observations he gives as follows: "I do not think the country is so firmly closed to the Christian in particular as it is to the European as such, the principal danger being the political position of every Englishman. Were protection demanded by the British Government for their missionaries only, thus trusting to subdue by the Cross alone, I have but little doubt but that it would be granted. Great harm is done by the haughty and overbearing manner of the British in their own territory, and also by unprincipled men who become Mussulmans when they journey in those countries. Were the people of the frontier to see our religion exemplified more, I firmly believe that in many parts the lowly messenger of Christ would find a ready door open."

It would seem to be about as difficult to introduce the pure Gospel into Austria as into any heathen country. For instance, an apparently careful correspondent of the *English Independent* states that in the city of Vienna colportage is practically impossible. Books cannot be sold from door to door. Copies may be carried around as specimens and orders taken, and even this can only be done by a person who has obtained a special license that has to be renewed every six months. The distribution of the Scriptures and tracts is out of the question, except at the risk of fine and imprisonment. Only recently an evangelist was fined five guilders for giving away a tract. As the Protestant Rationalistic pastors and the Ultramontane priests rule matters there, all efforts to spread a purer religion have little show. This correspondent commends the experiment now being made by the three or four missionaries of the American Board stationed in Austria, who are carefully examining the ground and feeling their way among the people. "Their position," he writes, "is one demanding great faith and patience on their part, as well as the prayerful sympathy of all who feel an interest in an undertaking so eminently heroic."

The Pope appears to be in no conciliatory state of mind toward his enemies, although urged from influential quarters to pardon them all as becomes the vicar of the God

of Peace and withdraw his excommunications. But he declines to do any such thing, but rather inclines the other way, going so far as to advise all good Catholics not to vote for members of the Italian Parliament at the next election; meaning thereby not to have anything to do with that body. Possibly his Holiness has some reason for nursing his animosity, as he has been formally expelled from the order of Freemasons by the Grand Lodge, which lately met in Italy. It would appear that he was connected with a lodge at Palermo in his early youth, and that charges were preferred against him for some reason about ten years ago which he refused to answer. Subsequently, when he had cursed the order and excommunicated all members of it, the charges were renewed, a regular trial was held, and a decree of expulsion entered and published, signed by King Victor Emanuel, Grand Master of the Orient of Italy. This may or may not be one reason why his Holiness can't forgivé his enemies; he is human, however, as well as infallible.

The question of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral in London has been revived again, with a new outburst of feeling. Two hundred thousand dollars have already been subscribed for the purpose, but the artists' plans have provoked so much opposition that there is no telling whether the money will be expended or not. The Low Church party object to the proposed decorations because of their ritualistic character; the plan being, it seems, to veneer the whole interior with marble, and to use gilding and polychromy in a way bewildering to the eye. The *Illustrated News* calls attention to the figures to be introduced, some of which would scarcely be distinguished from below; others are as much too large, comparatively; "while the disproportions reach their climax in a figure of our Saviour at the east end of the church, which is so gigantic that it would, beyond all question, dwarf the whole interior, and be a glaring incongruity from whatever point it could be viewed." Architecturally considered, the entire ornamentation is condemned as unworthy the noble structure erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The matter appears to have taken strong hold of the religious feelings of the Evangelical party in London, and there is little doubt that they will fight the "desecrations" to the end.

The Week.

[*From Tuesday, July 7, to Monday, July 13.*]

Northwestern Minnesota has been visited by a plague of locusts, that is to say grasshoppers, which fully verifies the Scriptural accounts of their devastating powers. Several counties have been utterly stripped of every green thing, and the inhabitants are suffering for want of food enough to sustain life. Governor Davis has written to the Secretary of War, asking for aid, as he has exhausted the resources at his command. The Secretary does not as yet see his way clear to comply with the request, and at best much suffering must ensue.

Mr. Plimsoll, the English champion of sailors' rights, was within two votes of getting his Merchants Shipping Survey Bill passed by the House of Commons. The details of the bill do not, we believe, satisfy even its supporters, but Mr. Plimsoll has collected so formidable an array of facts concerning unseaworthy ships that a great many members of Parliament have become tired of waiting for the Royal Commission to report. It is understood that the British Board of Trade is opposed to the bill as it stands, but it admits that of 204 vessels detained by the department as unsafe only 13 have been finally adjudged seaworthy.

It is announced that the suit brought by Mr. Custis Lee in the United States District Court of Northern Virginia, for the recovery of the famous Arlington property, has been decided in his favor. The history of this fine estate is in brief as follows: It belonged originally to the family of Martha Custis, who became the wife of Washington. In the course of time it was inherited by Miss Custis, who subsequently married General Robert E. Lee. Soon after the outbreak of the war the property was confiscated, the house became part of an army hospital, and the grounds were gradually occupied by the graves of Union and Confederate dead. The immediate consequences of the decision referred to cannot be distinctly stated, but it seems probable that the Government will have in some way to reimburse the heirs.

President MacMahon has, as every one expected him to do under the circumstances, sent a message to the Assembly which reminds the delegates of certain established relations between himself and them which they are rather apt to ignore. After recounting to them the terms of the septennat, he says that he believes it to have been the will of the Assembly that the President should use his power to protect the interests of the country, and intimates that he does not purpose disappointing them. He then represents in strong terms the necessity which exists for a complete organization of the public powers. At the conclusion of the message a motion was made for the dissolution of the Assembly after the passage of certain important measures. The motion was referred to a committee, which is at least treating it with some respect. We can hardly believe, however, that the Assembly will throw away its chances for a summer recess and a reassembling in the autumn months.

Just before the late manifesto of the Comte de Chambord, to which we referred last week, the London *Times* published, on authority of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, a bit of secret history regarding the monarchical fiasco of last Fall. The friends of the Comte had secured the Government and the Assembly, and had procured a promise from MacMahon that he would obey any vote. This promise he subsequently qualified by saying that he would not answer "for order in the streets or discipline in the army" if the White Flag of the Bourbons were exhibited. In short, he intimated that the chassepôts "would go off of themselves." The state of the case was explained to the Comte, who expressed his willingness to accept the Tricolor until a change could be brought about in the national prejudices. His message was not very trustfully received, and, sure enough, after a short interval the White Flag was again brought forward. The comment generally made on this story is that MacMahon's position is better defined. He will obey any vote except one that involves unequivocal submission to the present heir of the Bourbon succession. The Legitimists, threfore, may be counted out, unless the Comte de Chambord survives MacMahon's administration.

An interesting contest will take place at the Creedmore rifle range, near this city, in the autumn. In the recent trials of marksmanship in Great Britain, certain Irishmen, six in number, constituting what is known as a "team" in shooting parlance, carried off the national prize, and are practically regarded as the six best shots in the United Kingdom. This team is to cross the ocean and try its skill as compared with native-born American marksmen, at ranges of 800, 900, and 1000 yards. If the riflemen of the country expect to keep up their reputation of years ago, they ought speedily to select their men, for long-range shooting has not been cultivated among us as an art long enough to justify us in counting upon traditional superiority. No doubt there are scores of men on the plains, if not nearer home, who could, if they had the chance, give the Irish marksmen a close contest. The question is whether six such men can be brought together, and on the principle that it is well to know how to shoot upon occasion, we give the matter such publicity as we may.

A verdict has been reached after a long sitting by the jury which was impaneled to investigate the causes of the Mill River disaster. It is severe in general, but not very effectually so in particular. In the words of the report "the breaking away of said dam was the natural and inevitable result of the great and manifest delinquency of the several parties who were concerned in originating, planning, constructing and approving for use the said dam and reservoir, not excepting the Legislature itself, under whose authority the reservoir company acquired its chartered privileges." The statute law of the State, they farther say, seems rather to repel than invite a careful scrutiny of works like the Williamsburg dam, and a revision of the law is urgently recommended. The proprietors, say the jurors, "as a body" consulted far less for the safety of persons living below the dam than for means whereby expenses could be kept at a minimum. And so the report goes on to the end, serving up the engineers, contractors, and County Commissioners much in the same style.

The Police Board muddle has for three weeks kept the city politicians in a most unseasonable state of excitement. Last week when we went to press the Mayor still maintained that his reappointment of the old Police Commissioners was quite proper. Early this week, however, it became evident that forces of a formidable character were at work to induce a change of policy, if not of opinion. At all events, the resignations of the two objectionable Commissioners were sent in again, accepted, and successors appointed. Then began what is technically known as a deadlock in the Police Board over the question of organization, and it took two or three days to adjust this satisfactorily to the professional politicians who alone care anything about the matter. The Mayor's case is still to be settled. Early in the week charges were drawn up by some of his opponents, and formally laid before the Governor, requesting him to remove Mayor Havemeyer from office in consequence of "official misconduct." Of the specifications, the most weighty seems to be that which recounts the reappointment of the two officials who had been convicted of misdemeanor. The Governor cannot, of course, act hastily in the matter, and it must be some days before we can know his decision. Talk about the simplicity of a republican form of government! Here is a city full, not to say a nation full, of people a vast majority of whom do not care a straw who holds office provided he is a good man and fit for the place, and yet the matter of elections and appointments is so complex that the chances are in favor of the bad rather than of the good. At least we can be happy in reflecting that here in New York we see republicanism at its very worst. Provided we can cure it of its faults here, what may we not hope for it elsewhere?

The Wisconsin railroad war has passed its first stage of progress toward the United States Supreme Court, the result being adverse to the corporations or rather to one of them, for it is only the Chicago and Northwestern that is in this instance concerned. This road applied through its bondholders for an injunction from the United States Circuit Court, restraining the State from proceeding against it under the Potter law, on the ground that if judgment were rendered for the prosecution the road would be prevented from earning money enough to pay its just debts. The Court refused to grant the injunction, leaving the merits of the case, however, almost untouched. It seems to be tacitly admitted that the trial was mainly *pro forma* in order to get the case before the Supreme Bench at Washington, and even granting the decision all the weight possible, it is merely local in its bearing, deciding that the charters of railroads within the State may be constitutionally altered or revoked by the Legislature. Nor will this particular case when decided by the Supreme Court, as it doubtless will be within a few months, settle the general questions pending between the Grangers and the monopolists, as many of the State Constitutions do not contain clauses like that on which the Wisconsin Attorney-General based his claim. A more general result must sooner or later be reached, for the tendency of Western Legislatures is to pass laws more and more stringent in their nature. In Iowa, for instance, a strict schedule of railroad rates has been fixed which the road has determined to test in actual practice before carrying it into Court. The President says in a letter to the Governor, that if a thorough experiment satisfies the Company that it cannot under the law secure its just revenues, the proper tribunals will be resorted to as a simple measure of self-defense.

That we are in for an unusually active summer campaign on the plains there is no apparent room for doubt. Having conciliated our wards by the issue of rations and clothing through the winter, and having, in some instances, probably, given them breech-loaders and fixed ammunition for agricultural purposes, we hear, as soon as the plains begin to grow green, of war-parties from the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, and Sioux. Raids, more or less horrible in detail, are reported all along the frontier from the northern boundary to Southern Kansas. Of course the army is utterly inadequate for such an emergency. At best it can only aim to strike effectual blows at widely distant points. A detachment of the 2d Cavalry, under Captain Bates, surprised a Sioux camp on the morning of July 4th, and made short work of them, but the main bodies of savages, of unknown strength, are holding the whole border in fear, and there is nothing for the settlers to do but send their families to the nearest place of safety, and organize under the local military commanders for common defense. Even the agents—the well disposed ones, we mean—have been taken by surprise. One, at least, has had to flee for his life, while others have no idea what their special protegés are going to do. Gen. Custer is off with a well-appointed command for the Black Hill region, hitherto but slightly explored, but as he started before the present rumors had taken definite shape he can hardly be counted upon for frontier service. It is more than likely, however, that he will encounter the Sioux in regions which have hardly been penetrated by white men hitherto, and we may fairly count upon some interesting accounts of his adventures, as soon as he can find time to send them to the *Galaxy*, not to mention the War Department. These outbreaks of Indians are so certain to occur at about a given time every year that they ought to be as easily guarded against as is our regular autumnal money stringency. We all know how perfectly our Congressmen and financiers agree about the measures to be taken in regard to that. Perhaps by the time we learn how to deal with the savages on the plains we shall be equally successful with other foes to good order, nearer home.

The Household.

"COLD TOAST."

By ARCHIE FELL.

I LIKED what "brother John" said in the *Christian Union* of April 15th. But I've been wanting, ever since, to tell you what he *did*. Not the same John. The fraternity is large, and they are all more or less eloquently interested in the problem feminine hands and brains have thus far failed to solve satisfactorily.

It's not to be wondered at—this interest; considering the ease and dexterity with which these brothers manage the remaining strings of the universe; the consistency, economy, simplicity, and common-sense they bring to bear upon questions of national finance and *finesse;* the plain practical provision they make for all internal, external, and supernal exigencies.

Brother John Applebee, lounging in his easy-chair, the new porcelain shade diffusing a soft halo of gas-light around him, read the remarks of "brother John" the first, and applauded as heartily as his position would allow.

"What is it? Read it aloud, please," said Mrs. John Applebee, looking up from her sewing.

"I suppose I can," rather reluctantly spoken, with a longing look at the three or four uncut magazines upon the table, "but—pardon me, my dear—you need only open your eyes to the light it contains to have abundant leisure to read for yourself. Confess now, that's an unnecessary bit of flummery you are so busy over."

"My new spring hat? Essential, I supposed," and Mrs. John balanced a whorl of silk and sweet-brier upon her fore-finger.

"The hat itself, but not all those bows and bunches. It's the fussiness generally that takes time and robs you of mental culture. What *is* the use of elaborating everything so?"

Mrs. Applebee's eyebrows lifted slightly, sufficiently to allow her mild blue eyes to take in the new porcelain shade, with its delicately chiseled cherub faces, ivy-grown castles and dripping fountains; thence across the room, to John's latest purchase, a curiously carved paper-rack—grape-vines and deer antlers intertwined in grotesque confusion. The room itself was verily an out-growth of Agur's prayer; so far removed from poverty, there was no visible lack of anything, yet short enough of wealth to escape being transformed into a fashionable *salon*, crowded with depressing upholstery. That would never have happened, however, with John's æsthetic nature and his wife's good taste, even had there been no end to his purse—which there was, to Mrs. John's knowledge. For that reason she had *not* brought home from Madame Cunard's the pearl-colored hat, with its wreath of Scotch blue-bells, starry-eyed marguerites, and snowy hawthorn; but was, instead, patiently evolving new beauty from old material. Suppose John had carved the paper-rack for himself; nature had endowed him with a cunning hand, and though less elegant it would have been more artistic. It would have robbed him of some precious leisure. That trimming was taking hers. Wasn't there a vulgar bit of culinary logic about the sauce required for different members of a feathered family?

Meanwhile Mrs. John was listening attentively.

"There!" remarked her husband in conclusion, rubbing his hands appreciatively.

"There!" and Mrs. John tried on her hat before the mirror.

Mrs. Applebee critically surveyed the pretty nonentity which did not shade the mild, blue eyes.

"Useless, as usual, but not as tasty. That left side looks botched—awkward, somehow."

"What an eye you have! The silk is old and that's where the piecing comes. The plaits won't lie even. It will have to come off."

"I should hope so; and it must go on again, I suppose. I'm glad *my* hats don't need trimming. Poor little slave! I suppose your silence gives assent to all these statements—for instance, 'not one of them has the moral courage to wear a dress without an overskirt.'"

Mrs. John unclasped the huge buckle at her belt—a

gift from her husband—the blue eyes disappeared into a cloud of black drapery, and emerged clear and shining, and the tall, slender figure, in the plain, gored underskirt of her silk walking-dress, paced slowly between 'brother John' and the mirror.

"That looks more like it. Reminds me of the pretty peasant girl we admired so much in the painting yesterday. It's so sensible, too. Why can't you always dress in that way?"

"Here and on the street it might do; but—"

"Moral courage could venture no further. Now *I* can wear this same suit down street, riding in the park, or in brother Lester's parlor, whenever business will let me off for our trip cityward."

"I think the peasant girl's costume was even more simple than this," said Mrs. John, reflectively, "a mere sleeveless tunic; but what a change it would make in business if we adopted that, and renounced all ornament, trimming and useless accessories! What would half of creation do?"

"Go into something more sensible, cultivate the ground, raise vegetables—by the way, I'll bring home some green peas to-morrow, to go with your enticing veal *croquettes*."

"I wonder how a radical reform would work all round," mused Mrs. John, with seeming irrelevancy.

"A new hand in the kitchen?" inquired the gentleman next day, as he sat down to dinner opposite the blue eyes and plain black dress. The table was neatly laid as usual, the napery spotless, the silver dazzling. There was roast beef, rare and juicy, slices of cold veal, potatoes, bread and butter. Nothing else; no vegetables, jellies, salads or sauces.

"Only one pair of hands out," was the reply. "Katy prepared all the dinner herself to-day."

"And this is the extent of her acquirements?" in a slightly dissatisfied tone.

"Precisely. I have always prepared extra and side dishes myself. Such a waste of time."

"But the green peas and *croquettes?*"

"Katy doesn't understand preparing either, and boiled the peas, pods and all. But really, John, what's the use? It's only fuss and flummery, trimming, so to speak. Bread and meat are really the two essentials. Think how much unnecessary trimming "Mrs. Cornelius" recommends. And those *croquettes!* The time and worry! The meat to be chopped fine; onions, salt, pepper, flour and parsley duly proportioned; bread toasted and buttered; eggs beaten, bread crumbs prepared—there's no end to it, and these plain slices are so much more sensible. Besides, I've been skimming the cream off all those magazines, and dipping deep into that delectable dish of Tyndall's."

Never was Mrs. John more entertaining nor the plain, boiled rice served for dessert more insipid. Mr. Applebee went back to his office with less heroic emotions than usually appertain to crusaders.

The simple and sensible bill of fare continued: plenty of well-cooked meat, with desserts of the plainest custards, fruit and the inevitable rice.

"I was hoping for one of your delightful *meringues*," he ventured, one day.

"Too much egg-beating and jelly-fussing, two-thirds trimming at least. This rice is so much more *sensible*."

How far visions of the relishes and multiplied courses brother Lester enjoyed served to extricate our John from the meshes of business, far be it from us to imagine. Very suddenly, however, he announced himself free to make the long-contemplated trip. Was Mrs. John ready? To be sure. The plain black silk waited in the parlor on the appointed morning, traveling-bag and water-proof in hand.

"Why, my dear, it's a lovely morning; your new spring suit ——

"Is never to be made over, you know; so I can't afford free lodgings to dust and cinders. This won't need remodeling, even for cleansing purposes."

"But your wild-roses, what have you done with them?"

"You don't wear wild roses on *your* hat."

"Why, no; but—oh! certainly, your costume is very suitable for traveling; only—Nature is so fresh and charming this morning."

"Don't go to Nature for a model. *She* indulges in new Spring suits every year; her old ones, I'm told, entirely remodeled and freshly trimmed."

"Not remodeled, my dear; she uses exactly the same pattern, year after year," asserted brother John triumphantly.

"Are you sure? You don't know 'Pelham's woods' as I do. Fringes of grass set aside for embroideries of blackberry vines; plain skirts of maple and oak, more and more hidden away under loops and bunches of dog-brier, ivy, and wood-bine; her *coiffure* of pine ever growing more immense, and her frizzes of wild-clematis more abundant."

"But one suit lasts the year round."

"Does it? Think of the good Dame's Fall robes and Winter ermine; to say nothing of the ornaments she puts on and off at pleasure. However, I intend this one silk shall do me good service in this crusade."

But in brother Lester's brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms it did look a little forlorn. Quite a company of relatives awaited their arrival; and Mr. John Applebee found himself watching the graceful undulations of Cousin Bell's demi-train, as she crossed the room with his wife; and the stateliness of Clara's ruff contrasted with the latter's plain collar and neck-tie. As for Kitty's modest little *panier* and looped over-skirt it was a positive relief to the angular severity of the plain, black suit, as the two stood beside the piano together.

The dinner was sumptuous, but the evening seemed interminable.

"I was never so mortified in my life," he broke forth, in the privacy of their own room; "you looked as if you were fifty."

"I was never so ashamed; you ate as if you were starved," replied Mrs. John, with equal severity.

"No wonder; the first decent meal I've had in a month."

Things looked serious, except the blue eyes. *They* helped emphasize the retort:

"Poor sister Lizzie! The 'worry and vexation' she must have had, getting up that dinner with so much French-titled trimming; the self-culture sacrificed; and it was no sooner done than it was devoured, and she must race after another. Why can't we have moral courage—"

"Grant me absolution and I'll vote crusades a humbug forever," interposed brother John. "Only provided you pull something decent out of that Saratoga."

"I intended to—my new Gabrielle wrapper."

"Anything; Gabriel, and his trumpet too, if you like. I won't say another word"—and John subsided into dressing-gown and slippers, actually quilted cassimere and bead embroidery—"but, my dear, I can't understand: I really thought that article sound and sensible."

"So it was—real common-sense-able and spicy. I beg your pardon, and the author's, too, for seizing on 'brother John's' one weak point and giving you the benefit of it."

"Let's hear the 'application.'"

"No, the sermon first"—and Mrs. John established herself comfortably on the chair-arm. "I don't believe a 'spasm of sense' in whoever sets the fashions will avail. It must be inside each individual (man and) woman. Miss Feathertop would be Miss Feathertop still, despoiled of her 'dromedary's hump' and hearse plumes; having only a peasant's robe to substitute, she would fill up her time and thoughts with something equally insignificant. Then I want to know how good 'Mrs. Motherly,' slaving early and late to ruffle her children's dresses, differs from poor Mr. Fatherly, shut up in office, store or shop from morning till night, to ruffle their stomachs with dainty food and trim their homes with beauty and luxury."

"Most eloquent argufier! Isn't there any sin—or remedy?"

"Much, every way. Both parents could and should take more time for self-improvement and pleasure. And whenever equaling or out-shining one's neighbor is the object in view, both are equally wrong and foolish. I won't deny that sensible people like myself do sometimes substitute that motive for good taste and propriety, but the fashions are not to blame. It comes, like any other temptation, from within, must be met like any other, and if overcome will help on that 'perfect work' to which all struggle tends. It seems to me the right and wrong of beautifying ourselves or our homes—or trying to; it isn't all beauty, I acknowledge, lies in the individual motive; but, oh, dear me! it was such a cute thing to put into 'brother John's' mouth—'I hate cold toast.' That was a 'touch of nature' which 'makes the whole world kin.' He couldn't have considered how much 'fuss and worriment' *hot* toast involves; nor the similarity between last year's fashions and 'cold toast.' *I* don't see why we can't 'hate' one as well as the other."

The Little Folks.

CHILD-LIFE ON A FARM.

By P. Thorne.

STRAWBERRYING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ONE Friday night the children all came racing home from school, out of breath. Dinner-pails, sun-bonnet, hats, were all dropped on the kitchen floor.

"Where's mother?" was the chorus.

"In the pantry," and into the pantry tumbled all the children.

"Mother, can we go strawberryin' on the mountain to-morrow?"

"Roy and Lois and Chet are goin', and they want us to go, oh, perfectly awful!"

"Roy knows a place up in his father's pasture where the berries are thick as hair. You can pick a bushel in no time. Roy said so."

When Mrs. Kendall had said "Yes," the next thing was to hunt up pails and baskets to carry, for they were to start right after breakfast, and farmers' breakfasts come pretty early in summer time. Their forethought proved unnecessary, however, as the next morning they were all wide awake when the birds began to sing, and up long before breakfast.

A thick fog made everything look gloomy at this early hour, especially the children's faces. Aaron was known to be a reliable weather prophet, so out to the barnyard they all went, where Aaron was milking.

"Aaron, do you think it's goin' to rain to-day? Aunt Olive says it is, because the water boiled out of the pot so yesterday."

Aaron said nothing for a minute. Spirt, spirt, went the straight white streams of milk onto the pail bottom, while the children stood anxiously around, feeling that everything hung on Aaron's words.

"Wa'al," said Aaron finally, with deliberation, "I dun'no. Praps your Aunt Olive is right, but I guess that rain won't come afore to-morrer. Things are fixin' that way, but 'twon't come to-day. Too many cobwebs on the grass, the swallows flew too high last night. It was clear as a bell when I went to bed last night. But it's goin' to be a mighty hot day. If you younkers don't sweat some pickin' berries out on the mountain, I'll lose my guess."

When the sun was up a little higher, his rays began to penetrate the fog, and presently away it rolled in fleecy clouds up the mountain-side and off into the blue sky, where it soon dissolved and disappeared. The children could eat but little breakfast, they were so excited. They said they weren't hungry, when their mother remonstrated, and they didn't believe they should want any lunch either; but when they were about starting Mrs. Kendall appeared with a heavy lunch-basket.

"Let's not look in it," suggested Millie, "so's to be surprised bime-by. Mother always puts in such good things."

Teddy insisted on carrying two big baskets, in spite of his mother's advice.

"Pooh!" he said, "I guess I can fill these easy enough. I'll fill the lunch-basket, too, after we've emptied it."

"If you bring home enough so we can have a short-cake for supper Sunday night, I shall be satisfied," said Aunt Olive.

At the gate they met Roy, Lois, and Chet, all laden with baskets and tin pails. Bose seemed to think he could pick strawberries too, as he was bounding around Roy in great delight, evidently feeling himself one of the party. They climbed the rail-fence, and struck into the field that lay between them and the mountain's foot, feeling as bright and joyful as the morning itself.

It was such a pleasant morning. Everything was flashing with dewdrops, even to the airy cobwebs on the grass; the shadows still lay long and cool across the fields; bird songs rippled from every tree and bush, and the air was fresh and sweet with clover fragrance. They lengthened the way by chasing the little yellow butterflys, by catching "bumble"-bees in their hats, by seeing who could walk longest on top of a rail fence without falling off, by trying buttercups under their chins to see who loved butter. Crossing a piece of woods, Ralph found a nice sassafras bush, which they dug up for its spicy root. Then they came to a young moosewood tree.

"Aaron says the Indians used moosewood bark for strings," said Ralph. "We'd better get a lot of this."

But finally it was resolved to leave this, some swamp-apple flowers the girls wanted, and various other treasures of the woods, till they returned. After crossing the swamp by jumping from tuft to tuft of the long grass, they began to ascend the mountain. Down under some low bushes in the grass, Ralph, who always saw everything, discovered a ground-bird's nest. While they stood admiring the cunningly hidden nest, with its four speckled, brown and white eggs, the ground-bird came, and flew back and forth as near their heads as she dared, with pitiful cries of distress. One must be harder-hearted than our children were, to resist such an appeal. They passed on, leaving the little home unmolested.

To look at a mountain is one thing; to climb it quite another. A mountain is so deceptive. From the bottom it looks one even slope to the top; but once commence the ascent, and you find valleys and gorges you never mistrusted below. There seems to be almost as much down hill as up.

The children pressed stoutly on, stumbling over rocks and stones, slipping up in steep places sometimes, and catching on unnumbered bushes and briars. The more accidents happened, the more they laughed. Finally only Deacon Foskett's pasture lay between them and Mr. Whittaker's field, where the berries grew. The farmers who lived in the valley turned their cattle out into the mountain pastures for the summer. Millie remembered hearing that Deacon Foskett had a fierce bull in his pasture, so she was afraid to cross it, though not a creature was in sight.

"We'll leave you behind if you won't come on," said the others, after trying in vain to persuade her.

They went on across the pasture, while Millie sat crying on the stone wall. The unkindest cut of all was that Lois should go over to the enemy. All the pleasantness of the day was darkened; she wished she hadn't come.

As Lois climbed the opposite wall, she looked back at the disconsolate figure of her friend in the distance. She had not felt quite comfortable in her mind before. Now she said, low, to Roy,

"I think it's real mean in us to go off and leave Millie like that."

"She needn't be such a 'fraid-cat then," said Roy.

"She can't help it. Folks is different. Come, now, Roy, you go back and bring her. I guess she'll come now. You aint afraid, are you?"

"No, sir-ee! Come on, Bose," and, whistling to Bose, back Roy went across the field.

Millie hopped down to meet her deliverer, smiles radiating her tearful countenance. They started back

together, Millie's fear overcome by her desire to join the rest.

"Oh," she said, "how good you are, Roy. I'll never —oh mercy, Roy, there he comes now! What shall we do?"

The bull had actually come out from behind a clump of young pines, and stood staring in amazement at the strangers. He seldom saw people out here on the mountain.

"If we run for it, I guess we can get across," said Roy, and, taking Millie's hand, he headed for the wall, behind which the other children stood, worse frightened, if possible, than Roy and Millie.

Roy's course was not the wisest. If they had walked quietly along the bull might not have molested them, but seeing them in flight, he at once started in pursuit, stopping now and then to paw the ground fiercely, bellowing, and tossing his head in a warlike manner. Roy and Millie ran as fast as they could, but between fright and running their breath was fast giving out; they were still some ways from the fence, and the bull was rapidly gaining on them. Millie, dragged along by Roy, stumbled on in a sort of blind fright, beyond screaming or crying.

Old Bose was prowling along the stone wall, looking for possible woodchuck holes, when suddenly he heard all this uproar, and realized that his master was in danger. At once all his war spirit was roused, and he rushed to the rescue. In he darted, seizing the bull by the throat. The bull, unprepared for this sudden assault, stopped and tried to shake himself free. But old Bose shut up his eyes and hung grimly on, with a grip like iron. When Roy and Millie were fairly over the fence, Bose let go his hold, and was off and safely away before the infuriated, clumsy animal had time to recover himself and pursue him. The children ran till some bushes hid them, and then threw themselves down on the ground to rest and recover breath. Old Bose limped along after them, lame in one foot which the bull had stepped on, but otherwise uninjured. Every one patted him and made much of him.

"Well," said Roy, "what do you think of Bose now?"

"I'll never call him homely man's dog again," said Millie. "And when I'm grown up, Roy, I'll write a book about it and put you and Bose in."

"Don't say anything about me, it makes a fellow feel so spoony. And, my young friend, as the committee say when they make remarks, let me give you a little good advice. Don't you be so silly again. If you'd come right along in the first place, we shouldn't have had all this row."

"Don't you two get to quarreling again," said Lois.

"I shan't ever quarrel with Roy again," said Millie, "no matter what he does."

"Let's eat our dinner now," proposed Teddy: "I'm starved to death."

"So am I," said every one.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Ralph, "'taint anywhere near dinner-time yet. Let's pick some berries first, and rest while the sun is the hottest."

The rest were reluctantly obliged to admit the force of Ralph's remarks, so the lunch baskets were left in a shady spot, in Bose's care, and they went to picking berries. How good the berries made their fingers smell, and how fresh and delicious they tasted! Only every other one, on an average, ever reached the baskets. It is surprising how many strawberries it takes only to cover the bottom of a big basket. At least so Teddy thought. Then the sun poured down such hot rays that their heads swam, and they were really dizzy stooping over. Before long even Ralph was ready to think it fully dinner time.

Under the thick, wide-spreading shade of a big oak tree a spring oozed out of the mountain side, making a little pool of clear, pure water, and then trickled away down the hill, marking its course by the brighter green of the grass along its way. The boys threw off their hats, lay down on the ground, and drank right out of the spring. Lois and Millie made cups out of maple leaves that would hold considerable water, if they were very spry.

The oak tree's shade made a pleasant dining-room. It seemed so cool and shady after being out in the hot sun, and there was such a fresh, sweet-ferny, "pasturey" smell, as Millie said. Scattered rocks, bits of the mountain's back-bone pricking through, made capital backs to the soft, grassy seats. Down below, they could look off over miles and miles of the Connecticut valley. There were houses, farms, villages; the fields looking like patch-work, with their different-colored crops, glimpses of the winding river shining in the sun, and, far beyond, hills and mountains the children had never seen before. In the North-west, Mt. Monadnock towered up. They tried in vain to distinguish "grandma's hill," where the sun always shone last Sunday nights. That remarkable eminence seemed to have mingled indiscriminately with a whole chain of mountains off in the South-west.

The lunch, spread out on newspaper table-cloths, made a goodly show, there were such broad, thick slices of bread and butter, such "hunks" of gingerbread, such generous triangles of apple-pie, such lots of cookies, doughnuts, and cheese. Mrs. Kendall's surprise was some large cranberry-tarts with crimped edges, one apiece for every one.

"This is what I call jolly," said Roy, making a large, semi-circular hole in a slice of bread and butter.

"I never ate such good bread and butter as this," said Ralph, who had "swopped" slices with Roy.

"Don't you think it's very romantic to eat out-doors, Lois?" asked Millie, as she dotted her bread over with strawberries.

"Ye-es, but there's a good many bugs. I didn't know there were so many kinds of bugs in the world," said Lois, gazing in some dismay at the variety of black, green, white, and striped ants, grasshoppers and flies, sticking in various attitudes of distress all over the tarts.

"I'll eat your tart, Lois, if you're afraid to," generously proposed Chetty, sitting on the grass, his short legs spread wide apart.

Old Bose sat near by, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, his face wearing an insinuating smile, thumping the ground vigorously with his stumpy tail. Around his neck was a wreath of oak leaves the girls had made in honor of his heroism. Dogs really seem more sensible than people. Here was old Bose. He had done a brave deed, every one praised him, he was the hero of the occasion; yet he put on no airs, sat meekly in the background, and snapped up thankfully the many bits of dinner thrown him.

Although the lunch was a large one to look at, it proved an uncommonly small one to eat. Every one could have made way with more. Especially could a few more tarts have been easily disposed of. But there was no help for it, so they all fell to picking berries again with a will.

When Millie's basket was two-thirds full, as she and Lois were bent over, poking under the strawberry leaves, something rustled and wriggled under the grass, and Roy called out:

"Look out, girls. A snake!"

Both screamed and ran, Millie dropping her basket, spilling her berries, and falling down in the midst of them. The boys all laughed long and loud.

"'Twa'n't a snake at all," said Teddy, finally; "it was only a long, crooked stick Roy had."

Millie's face flushed. She was on the point of telling Roy just what she thought of him, when she remembered his kindness in the morning, and her vow never to quarrel with him again. So she said nothing, but went to work, with Lois's help, picking up such of her berries as were unsmashed.

If Millie had only scolded, Roy would not have cared at all; but now he felt rather ashamed.

"Never mind those old berries," he said. "Here, Millie," and he turned half his berries into her basket. "I can get plenty more," he said.

When the sun was low down in the West, the children started for home, laden with bunches of pink and white mountain laurel blossoms, and with a good many berries, considering, though it must be confessed Teddy had only half filled one basket. They found it harder work going down the mountain than coming up. If they ran, they were sure to trip and fall down, and it was such hard, jerky work to hold back. Chetty's short legs ached so he could not help crying.

About sundown, Mrs. Kendall, feeling a little anxious, went out to the gate. The laggards were just in sight—such a tired, dirty, dragged-out looking set of children, with such strawberry-stained mouths.

"Oh, mother, we've had such a splendid time! See what lots of berries we got. And, oh, our legs ache so!"

"And we're hungry as bears," added Teddy.

"I never was so hungry in my life," said Ralph.

"I could eat Ty up alive this minute," said Millie, picking up Ty, who rubbed his head into her neck affectionately, little fearing her cannibal designs.

Large bowls of berries and milk, eaten on the back door steps in the dewy coolness of the twilight, soon filled the aching voids within, and then the children were only too glad to go to bed.

ABOUT THE SAHARA.

BY SOLOMON NOBODY.

I USED to think when I was a child that the Great African Desert, called the Sahara, was one vast plain of hot sand extending up and down and over and across more miles than anybody knew anything about, unless it might be the camels; and as for the camels, I always thought of them as walking patiently with their great soft feet over the sands until they walked their lives away and lay down to die, and then that sometime somebody passing over the desert would find a skeleton of white bones lying by the—well, I had to think of it, after all, as a roadside.

I wonder if the children of to-day do not think as I did, or pretty nearly so.

The books that mentioned oases always referred to them as being little mites of green, as it were, in a wide ocean of sand, with a clump or two of palm trees in their midst; and it seemed extremely doubtful to me whether or not, if I were to cross the desert of Sahara, I should ever chance to find one.

Now, we are told that the wonderful land of Egypt, into which so many years ago the lad Joseph went down, is a good big oasis, and that the smallest of the green spots in the desert contains about forty square miles. The oasis of Thebes is sixty miles long and nine miles wide; while that of Asben, sometimes called Afr, is 180 miles long and wide. How comforting that sounds! I think we should find one of the dear, friendly bits of green, after all, if we were to journey across Sahara.

We should find other surprising things. When we came somewhere near to the middle of it we should see the desert beginning to rise up a little, and it would keep on rising gradually until we should find ourselves on a high broad place 2,000 feet above the desert level, and in the midst of this table-land we should find mountains as high as Mount Washington, and that mountain, New Hampshire folks think, is of a very decent, respectable height. They quite look up to it.

The air in the oasis of Afr is very pure and fresh. The maneless lion roams over the dense portions of this oasis, and the leopard, the ape, antelope, ostrich and even pigeons live there.

The Arabs say that "God made man and the palm-tree at the same time." They say this because they have no idea that man could live without the palm-tree. It is the springs of water that make the palms grow and thrive, and then the trees make shade from the sun, and that shade makes it possible for other things to grow, and so the little oasis grows to be a big one in a fashion not very unlike the growth of the coral islands in the seas of water.

The deserts and the oceans have many things in common. The waves of both roll along and are tossed alike by the winds, the one into billows of water, the other into billows of sand; and travelers tell us that they have seen the sand-waves emit phosphorescent gleams like the waters of the oceans. The camel has long been known as "the ship of the desert," and sometimes he glides away with that soft, undulating motion of his at a speed that is wonderful. The Mahari is the most valuable camel known. Its swiftness is such that it has been known to travel 300 miles in twenty-four hours, the journey length from Tripoli to Rh'adames; but it has made its last voyage, for at the harbor it lies down and dies. One hundred and twenty miles is the ordinary journey of the Mahari. The caravans direct their steps, oftentimes, in the otherwise pathless wastes, by piles of stones, and these stones tell where springs may be found. Every man who passes by throws a stone upon the heap out of gratitude to those men who have gone before him, and in thought of the travelers who are to come after him.

The Saharian loves the palm tree, for what it is to him—his food, his shelter, and his best friend—next to the spring of water that causes it to flourish. If an Arab wishes to start an oasis, he digs a hole in the sand thirty feet or more deep; into this hole he puts a palm tree. The roots go searching down toward the water, which everywhere underlies the desert, and if they can find it, the tree flourishes. Sometimes the palm tree hole gets filled in. Then the poor Arab goes to work and opens it again. Several trees planted near together will in time form quite an oasis; for, as soon as their roots reach water, they can furnish shelter under which other things can grow.

The desert of sand is very unlike the desert of waters in one respect; there are no fish within it, unless we call the ostrich and the lizard the fish of the desert; for the ostrich is the only living thing that ventures, without being obliged to go, into the desert; and the ostrich finds only in his swiftest flight across the sands the great lizard who dwells there—the shob he is called, and sometimes the salamander of the desert.

The lion is popularly spoken of as "the king of the desert;" but a traveler tells us that if you were to ask an Arab, "Where are the lions of the Sahara?" he would ask you: "Are there, then, lions in your country which drink air and eat sand?"

Puzzles.

A CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Athens, but not in Rome.
My second not in fairy, is found in gnome.
My third is in water, but not in wine.
My fourth in the Danube, but not in the Rhine.
My fifth is in rescue, but not in save.
My sixth is in valiant, but not in brave.
My seventh is in rivulets and also in rills.
My eighth is in mountains, but not in hills.
My ninth is in proud, but not in cold.
My tenth is in silver, but not in gold.
My whole is a philosopher of ancient times. M. D. H.

A BOTANICAL ENIGMA.

To three-tenths of the Heliotrope, add two-sevenths of the Cypress, one-sixth of the Sumach, two-sixths of the Myrtle, two-sixths of a Violet, and two-sevenths of a Rose-bud.
My whole is a botanical term. DE FORREST.

A WORD PUZZLE.

Transpose a European city into a range of mountains; transpose the mountains into a people; curtail and transpose and you will have a title; transpose the title into a city in Asia; transpose the city into a girl's name; curtail the name and transpose into a boy's name; behead the boy's name and you will have an abbreviation. MELBOURN.

A SQUARE WORD.

1. Certain.
2. Made use of.
3. A plant.
4. A small whirlpool. "VOLTA."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JULY 1.

Enigma.—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

Drop-Letter Puzzles.—1. Make hay while the sun shines. 2. Money makes the mare go.

A Proverb Puzzle.—"Patience is the key of Paradise."

A Diamond Puzzle.—

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Selections.

BUNYAN AT BEDFORD.

[From Punch.]

BUNYAN the Pilgrim, dreamer, preacher,
Sinner and soldier, tinker and teacher,
For heresy scoffed, scourged, put in prison—
The day of Tolerance yet un-risen—
Who heard from the dark of his dungeon lair
The roar and turmoil of Vanity Fair,
And shadowed Man's pilgrimage forth with passion
Heroic, in God-guided poet-fashion,
Has now his revenge; he looks down at you
In a ducally-commissioned Statue—
A right good artist gave life and go to it,
But his name's Boehm, and Rhyme says "no" to it—
And the Dean of Westminster, frank and fluent,
Spoke Broad-Church truths of the Baptist truant.

Punch likes the Duke and he likes the Dean,
And the summer air in the summer green,
When the Anabaptist poet and clown
Was set up as the glory of Bedford town:
But ducal and decanal folk should learn
That to deal with the Past is of small concern;
That light for the day's life is each day's need,
That the Tinker-Teacher has sown his seed;
And we want our Bunyan to show the way
Through the Sloughs of Despond that are round us to-day,
Our guide for straggling souls to wait,
And lift the latch of the wicket-gate.

The Churches now debate and wrangle,
Strange doubts theology entangle:
Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,
Archbishop asks ruling of a judge.
Why comes no pilgrim, with eye of fire,
To tell us where pointeth minster spire,
To show, though critics may sneer and scoff
The path to "The Land that is very far off"?
The People are weary of vestment vanities,
Of litigation about inanities,
And fain would listen, O Preacher and Peer,
To a voice like that of this Tinker-Seer;
Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond
The Valley of Death, and the Slough of Despond,
And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,
To those Delectable Mountains fair,
And over the River, and in at the Gate
Where for weary Pilgrims the Angels wait!

A TIME OF DEPRESSED HOPE.

THIS seems to be a time of depressed hope in popular government. It is obvious that among thoughtful people there is now more than in any recent time a sad solicitude concerning the final result of our great experiment. You must have observed how impressively one of our most venerable college presidents—Dr. Woolsey, of Yale—has lately spoken of the little wisdom with which the public affairs of the country are conducted. And you cannot have overlooked that marvelous poem which James Russell Lowell—whose membership of our fraternity is one of its most brilliant honors—has lately written from the Italian city of Florence, the city which Dante smote four centuries ago with the scourge of an immortal reproach. Not indeed with Dante's wrath against his native land, but with something of Dante's sadness, the poet describes the shame with which, in that distant country, he read of the political and social degradation of his own:

> "Of public scandal, private fraud,
> Crime flaunting, scot free, while the mob applaud;
> Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
> And all the unwholesome mess
> The Land of Broken Promise serves of late
> To teach the Old World how to wait."

So I think it fitting in an assemblage like this to ask whether the men of character and of education among us have not lately forgotten too much their special duties to the republic, shirking those duties even, and giving room in public stations to men who, besides their gross ignorance of the teachings of history and of political science, are void of any feeling of the sacredness of the public honor, and of the immeasurable calamity which falls upon the republic when the republic suffers any stain to fall upon its plighted faith. Let us then be reminded by the grand services which were rendered to the nation by the college men of the past, of the grand services which the college men of the present and of the future are bound to render.—*Moses Coit Tyler before the "Alpha Delta Phi."*

A PLEA FOR GOOD SINGING.

IF the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey were to have no other result, it would not miss of doing good should it be the means of elevating the only part of worship in which the people take an audible share into the proper place—not an expedient for giving the minister a breath till he resumes the next part of his duty, but an integral and important part of the service. Of course the singing in our religious meetings, even at best, is a different thing from Mr. Sankey's singing. As the old woman excused herself for hearing Dr. Chalmers reading a discourse by saying, "Ay, but it was fell readin' that," so we may say of Mr. Sankey's, it's fell singing. Mr. Sankey has a magnificent voice—clear, sweet, and melodious; and his feeling of the truth and beauty and solemnity of what he is singing communicates an indescribable pathos and tenderness to his utterance. Then he has learned to perfection what is so carefully attended to in American schools and is so little regarded here—distinct utterance. Most vocalists, unless you know what they are singing, might as well be warbling "fal-lal-lal" all through the piece. You can follow every syllable of Mr. Sankey's singing. Any prejudice there may be against "singing the Gospel" will thaw and dissolve itself into a pleasant dew as soon as he opens his mouth. Why should there be any prejudice? For generations most of the Highland ministers—and some of the Lowland ministers, too—have sung the Gospel—sung their sermons, ay, and sung their prayers, too. The difference is that they sing very badly and Mr. Sankey very beautifully. He accompanies himself on "the American organ," it is true, and some of us who belong to the old school can't swallow the kist of whistles yet. It may help us over this stumbling-block if we consider that, with the finest voice and ear in the world, nobody could maintain the proper pitch of a melody singing so long as Mr. Sankey does. And then the American organ "is only a little one." When a deputation from the session waited on Ralph Erskine to remonstrate with him on the enormity of fiddling, he gave them a beautiful tune on the violoncello, and they were so charmed that they returned to their constituents with the report that it was all right—"it wasna' wee sinfu' fiddle" that their minister operated upon, but a grand instrument, full of grave, sweet melody. I'm afraid some good, true-blue Presbyterians will be excusing Mr. Sankey's organ, and themselves for listening to it, by some such plea as that.—*Correspondent Edinburgh Review.*

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.

TAKE goodness, with the average intellectual power, and compare it with mere greatness of intellect and social standing, and it is far the nobler quality; and if God should offer me one of them, I would not hesitate which to choose. No, the greatest intellect which God ever bestowed I would not touch if I were bid to choose between that and the goodness of an average woman; I would scorn it and say, Give it to Lucifer; give me the better gift. When I say goodness is greater than greatness, I mean to say it gives a deeper and serener joy in the private heart, joins men more tenderly to one another, and more earnestly to God. I honor intellect, reason and understanding. I wish we took ten times more pains to cultivate them than we do. I honor greatness of mind—great reason, which intuitively sees truths, great laws, and the like; great understanding, which learns special laws and works in details; the understanding that masters things for use and beauty; that can marshal millions of men into an organization that shall last for centuries. I once coveted such power, and am not wholly free from the madness of it yet. I see its use. I hope I am not ignorant of the joys of science and letters; I am not of the pursuit of these. I bow reverently before the men of genius, and sit gladly at their feet. But the man who sees justice and does it, who knows love and lives it, who has a great faith and trusts in God—let him have a mind quite inferior, and culture quite as little, I must yet honor and reverence that man far more than he who has the greatest power of intellect. I know that knowledge is power, and reverence it; but justice is a higher power, and love is a manlier power, and religion is a diviner power, each greater than the mightiest mind.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE WORTH OF FINE MANNERS.—It would be vain as it would be ungracious to combat against the favorable influence of charm of manner. Engaging manners and bright conversation must and will always sway those brought under their attraction, and it is right that they should do so, for they are good qualities, though they may be only natural ones; and the enjoyment of them in others may be accepted as one of the amenities of our lot, if we meet with them in the order of Providence, and do not go out of our way to put ourselves under their influence. What a catalogue of social virtues it needs to make a man generally beloved—sweetness of temper, good-nature, a yielding will, and ready compliance, a toleration of others' infirmities, and forbearance under small slights and hindrances; sympathy with others' modes of feeling, and delicacy of adaptation. Many a hero—we may add, many a saint—is without them, and makes his great cause to suffer from their absence. The reward of his labors is sought in a higher sphere, not in the praise of men; and his greatest admirers have often to become his apologists in the minor details of deportment and manner, conscious that he who would sacrifice his life for the sake of religion, or for the good of his fellow-men, yet failed to make himself agreeable to his personal acquaintances. But because from the infirmity of our nature great interests and high aims often make men regardless of lesser proprieties, let us not esteem the want of them as other than a fault, nor grudge the domestic philanthropist who cheers his neighbor's fireside, who raises their dulled spirits, whose presence brings refreshment with it, who enhances their every-day joys, and sympathizes in the little trials that each day also brings in its train—though it may be only through the impulses of a genial nature—his reward, in his indulgent host of friends, with their warm welcomes, hearty praises, affectionate extenuations, tender regrets.—*The Christian Remembrancer.*

WHY HE WAS PUZZLED.—The funny man of the House this winter is said to be Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, who tells on himself some very amusing stories. He served one term in the Senate several years ago, and a few days after he was sworn in he was passing one of the cloak-rooms, and inside were Fessenden, Morrill, and several others whose names we can't recall. They hailed him, invited him in, and, after conversing for a few moments, they asked him very abruptly: "Mr. Nesmith, you have come from a very wild country, where you say the greater portion of your life has been passed. Will you tell us what first struck you on coming to the Senate?"

"Well, gentlemen, when I took my seat in this august body, said to be composed of the brains of our great country, I was overwhelmed with the strangeness of this one idea, how I came to be here."

"Oh! Ah! Ugh! So! And then? Mr. Nesmith, what then—what was your next cause for wonder?"

"The next thing, gentlemen," answered Mr. Nesmith, slowly gathering up his great length, "that came to me, and puzzled me more than the first, though, was how in the deuce all you other fellows got here!"

There was a shout, and from that day these solemn old fellows, who had thought to overawe, by their pomposity, this crude young Senator, were his sworn friends, and never neglected an opportunity to tell this story.

INTERESTING RELIC.—We have been shown an interesting relic in the shape of a pocket Bible, which is said to have been printed at the instance of Oliver Cromwell, for the use of his soldiers. Its title-page bears the date 1653, only a few years before the Protector's death. The small type (nonpareil) and numerous references give it quite a modern look, though it hardly approximates the present mechanical finish of the sacred page, even in America. Its reading by the light of the camp-fire must have been a painful process. The book bears evidence of considerable usage; its leather binding is covered by a very ancient-appearing bit of cloth, that must have been somewhat gorgeous in coloring in its time. It appears to have been brought to Virginia, about 1660, by either Capt. Darke or Capt. Rush (an ancestor of the once celebrated Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia), who were cavalry officers in Cromwell's army, and it is now the property of the Rev. Walter S. Drysdale.—*Evangelist.*

A HINT TO WOULD-BE REFORMERS.—An old ballad tells how a man, losing his way on a hill-side, strayed into a chamber full of enchanted knights, each lying motionless in complete armor, with his war-horse standing motionless beside him. On a rock lay a sword and a horn, and the intruder was told that if he wanted to lead the army he must choose between them. He chose the horn, and blew a loud blast, upon which the knights and their horses vanished in a whirlwind, and their visitor was blown back into common life, these words sounding after him on the wind:

> "Cursed be the coward that ever he was born
> Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

No man has a right to give the signal for such a battle by blowing the horn, unless he has first drawn the sword, and knows how to make his hands guard his head with it. Then let him blow as loud and long as he likes, and if his tune is worth hearing he will not want followers.—*James Fitzjames Stephen.*

Truths and Trifles.

—The late James Lee, of this city, took an active part in collecting the necessary fund for the erection of the equestrian statue of Washington on Union Square. It is related of him that on applying to a person for a contribution the reply was, "No monument to Washington is necessary; I have him ever in my heart." "Then," was the Colonel's prompt rejoinder, "all I have to say is, he is in a —— small place."

—Did I ever quote the remark of Mr. Carlyle?—that if Christ should reappear on earth and come to London he did not think anybody here would pay him much attention. Then, checking himself, "Yes," said Mr. Carlyle, "I think Lord Houghton would give Christ a breakfast."—*London Letter to the Tribune.*

—A clergyman, preaching on the "Ministry of Angels," suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled one of the deacons, who sat below, from a drowsy mood; and, springing to his feet, he cried, "It is the boys in the gallery!"

—A good story is told of the ex-rebel General Forrest, as follows: Being under the hands of a colored barber, the latter discovered who his customer was and informed him that he had a brother who fought at Fort Pillow. "Ah," said the General, "and where is he now?" "He was killed there," replied the "artist." The General was only half-shaved, but quickly and quietly he slid out of that chair, paid for a whole shave and sought some other shop. In reply to the curious gaze of friends whom he met on the way, he said, "I like to have only half of my face shaved at a time."

—A Chicago clergyman relates the following anecdote: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony, and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty face, and pointing to the bridegroom, replied, 'I think he is the one to be congratulated.'"

—Complaints about our fishman had become frequent and loud. More than once the feminine head of our establishment had thrown away the Friday's dinner because she did not like the peculiar smell of the leaden-eyed fish. One day my neighbor, Rogers, sent his black man, Sambo, down after a fresh codfish. The darkey entered the monger's stall, and having made his way to the bench whereon the larger fish lay, he took up a cod and began to smell of it. The fishman, observing him, and fearing that other customers, then in the store, might catch the hint and the scent, called out, angrily: "Hallo! you black rascal, what are you rubbing your sooty nose against that fish for?" "I ain't rubbin' my nose agin um, mas'r." "What were you doing?" "Me talk to um, dat's all." "Talk to a fish?" "Yah, yah." "And what do you say?" "Me ask 'im what's the news at sea." "And what does the fish answer to that?" "By golly! he says he don't know. He haint been dar dese tree weeks."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go ober dis bridge," and with that he struck the mule over the head, which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet, den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won that quarter, anyhow," said Jack. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by, unperceived. "To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for the mule, and I take the quarter out."

—"Weel, aunty, what are your thochts about marryin'?" said a young lass of seventeen one day to a decent spinster, who had reached the shady side of life without committing matrimony. "Deed, lassie," frankly replied her relative, "I hae had but three thochts about it a' my days, and the last is like to be the langest. First when I was young, like yoursel', I thocht, 'Wha'll I tak?' then, as the time began to wear by, I began to think, 'Wha'll I get?' an' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel oot o' Saunders M'Drouthie's cart, my thocht syne was, 'Wha'll tak me?' and I doot I'll hae tae think the same thocht till I gang to my grave, unless something happens mair by ordinar."

DISCONTENT—

> A man in his carriage was riding along,
> His gaily-dressed wife by his side;
> In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
> And he like a king in his pride.
>
> A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
> The carriage and couple he eyed,
> And said, as he worked with his saw on a log:
> "I wish I was rich and could ride."
>
> The man in the carriage remarked to his wife:
> "One thing I would give if I could—
> I would give all my wealth for the strength and the health
> Of the man who is sawing the wood."

Financial.

From Monday, July 6, to Saturday, July 11.

Wall Street.—The decision of the United States Circuit Court in Wisconsin, as sketched elsewhere, has occupied the attention of railroad men during the week, as likely seriously to affect their interests throughout the country. The general opinion seems to be that the railroads are at least bearing their share of the common business depression. Thus far there is no perceptible effect from the new currency law. It is quietly going into operation, but bankers are no more agreed now than they were at first as to what will be its ultimate effect. Nothing can as yet be predicted regarding the amount to which Secretary Bristow's offer of 5 per cents will be taken on the 23d instant. Confidence in his abilities and intentions is however rather on the increase. Money continues abundant on call.

Government Bonds.—The prospect that 176 millions of new fives might be thrown upon the market caused an unsettled feeling among buyers and holders early in the week. The decline was aided by the downward tendency of gold.

The highest quotations for the week were as follows:

	July 6.	July 7.	July 8.	July 9.	July 10.	July 11.
5s new c'p....'81,	113⅛	113	112⅛	112⅜	112⅜	112⅜
6s reg..........'81,	116⅜	116	115⅛	115⅞	115⅝	115⅞
do. c'p.........'81,	116⅜	117¼	116⅝	116⅝	117	117¼
6s 5-20 c'p.....'62,	113⅜	112⅜	112½	112½	112⅜	113
6s 5-20 c'p.....'64,	116⅛	116½	115	115	115	115⅜
6s 5-20 c'p.....'65,	116⅛	116⅜	116¼	116¼	116⅜	116⅜
6s 5-20 c'p. n..'65,	115⅛	115⅜	115⅜	115⅜	115⅜	116⅜
6s 5-20 c'p.....'67,	116½	116⅜	116¼	116⅛	116⅜	117⅛
6s 5-20 c'p.....'68,	116¼	116½	115	116⅜	116½	1.7
5s 10-40 reg......	113⅛	113⅜	112⅛	112⅜	112⅛	112⅜
5s 10-40 c'p......	113½	113	112⅛	112⅜	112¼	112⅜
5s currency	116⅛	115¼	115⅜	116	116½	116½

CLOSING LONDON PRICES.

	June 26.	July 3.	July 10.
U.S. 6s, 5-20's, 1865..................	107⅜	108½	108⅜
U.S. 6s, 5-20's, 1867..................	108⅜	108½	108⅜
U.S. 5s. 10-40's	105½	105¼	104⅜
New 5s..................	104⅜	104⅜	104⅜

Gold.—No activity and lower rates is all that can be said of specie this week. The total bids on Thursday for the million of Treasury gold amounted to $4,280,000.

The highest quotations of gold for the week, and the corresponding values of legal tenders, were as follows:

	July 6.	July 7.	July 8.	July 9.	July 10.	July 11.
Gold..............	110⅜	110¼	109	110	110	110
Legal tenders...	90.00	90.81	91.10	90.90	90.90	90.90

Stocks.—Everything is unsettled, and the market generally depressed. The aspect of affairs was rather more encouraging at the close, but the week's record shows very poorly for the greater part of the list.

The following table shows the highest quotations for the week:

	July 6.	July 7.	July 8.	July 9.	July 10.	July 11.
N.Y.C.&H.R....	100	99⅜	99¼	99⅛	99⅜	99¼
Harlem	....	126	125	125	125½	125
Erie..............	32⅛	31⅜	31	30⅜	31⅜	32⅛
Lake Shore.....	75⅜	75	74⅜	73⅜	74	73½
Wabash..........	37⅛	36⅜	36⅝	35⅜	35¼	35
Northwestern..	41⅛	40⅜	40⅛	39½	38	37⅜
do pref....	59	57½	56½	55	54⅜	54⅜
Rock Island....	100⅜	99⅜	98⅜	98	98	97⅜
St. Paul.........	38	36⅜	36⅝	35⅛	34⅜	34⅜
do pref......	57	55½	54⅜	53⅜	53⅜	53½
Ohio & Miss....	26⅜	25⅜	25¼	24½	24	24¼
Central of N. J.	....	105½	106	105½	105	105½
Del., L. & W....	107½	107¼	107½	106⅜	105⅜	106⅜
Han & St. Jos..	26⅜	26½	26⅜	25⅛	25⅜	25
Union Pacific..	27⅜	27	27½	26⅛	26½	26
Panama.........	....	....	108	109	109	....
Western UnTel	74⅜	74⅜	74⅜	73½	72½	72⅜
Quicksilver.....	....	....	27	....	....	....
do pref....	....	....	30	30	....	....
Pacific Mail.....	43⅜	43⅜	43⅜	43	43	43
Adams Express	107½	108	108	....	107⅜	....
American Ex...	....	61	60⅜	61	60⅜	....
U. S. Ex.........	71	71¼	71	70	70	....
Wells,Fargo Ex	....	76½	76⅜	....	76½	....

Foreign Exchange.—Nominal quotations at the close of the week were:

	60 days.	3 days.
London prime bankers..	4.87½ @	4.90 @

George Opdyke & Co.,

BANKERS,

No. 25 Nassau St., New York.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, CORPORATIONS, FIRMS, AND INDIVIDUALS SOLICITED.

DEPOSITORS ENJOY THE SAME ADVANTAGES AS WITH INCORPORATED BANKS—**FOUR PER CENT.** ON DAILY BALANCES, CREDITED MONTHLY.

COLLECTIONS MADE AT LOWEST RATES.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES A SPECIALTY.

LIVINGSTON & COMPANY'S BANK,

10 Pine Street, New York.

Organized for the business of out-of-town Banks, Bankers, Corporations, Individuals, etc. Offers special inducements to Correspondents. 5 per cent. interest allowed on daily balances. City, County, and, Town Bonds, also other marketable Securities, wanted for sale on commission.

FIRST-CLASS LOANS NEGOTIATED.

GREENLEAF, NORRIS & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

66 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK,

Buy and Sell STOCKS and BONDS at the New York Stock Exchange on commission. Money advanced on Securities consigned for sale.

A. W. GREENLEAF. JOHN B. NORRIS,
WARREN E. GREENLEAF.

CHICAGO 10 PER CENT. LOANS,

From $500 upwards, negotiated by TURNER & MARSH, 102 Washington St., Chicago. Secured by first mortgage on real estate worth at least double the loan. Safe as gov't bonds. Interest payable semi-annually and *promptly*, in N. Y. drafts. Borrower pays all expenses. References given in any Northern State. Correspondence invited,

UNION DIME SAVINGS BANK,

Nos. 396 & 398 CANAL ST., corner Laight.
Open daily from 10 to 3, and Monday Evenings 5 to 7.
Assets—Over Ten Million Dollars.
Surplus—Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars. **Six Per cent. Interest Allowed.**
Books in English, French and German.
G. S. CHAPIN, Treas. N. J. HAINES, Pres't.
T. S. ARMOUR, Secretary.

AN EXPERIENCE OF 14 YEARS AND $4,000,000 Loaned Without A LOSS.

OFFERED TO REAL ESTATE LOANERS Without charge by

A. W. KELLOGG,

94 La Salle Street, Chicago.

REFERENCES.
J. G. BATTERSON Hartford.
B. F. STEVENS, Boston.

JULY 1874.

STATEMENT

OF THE OLD AND RELIABLE

TRAVELERS.

21ST SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, Conn., *July* 1, 1874.

ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the company......	$76,212 34
Cash in bank and hands of agents	173,049 60
Loans on first mortgages real estate......	1,302,781 50
Deferred premiums......	62,959 79
Accrued interest......	47,838 16
Bills receivable......	46,309 87
United States government bonds......	365,420 00
State and municipal bonds......	121,850 00
Railroad stocks and bonds......	162,400 00
Bank and insurance stocks......	488,355 00
Total Assets......	**$2,937,176 26**

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due......	$182,412 77
Reserve, N. Y. Standard, life departm't..	1,610,282 00
Reserve for re-insurance, acc. departm't.	176,058 81
	$1,968,753 58
Surplus as regards policy-holders..	**$968,422 68**

GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES, by the year or month, written by Agents, without delay.

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT INSURANCE, of all forms. Ample security, definite contract, low premiums.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.
RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.

FOUR TON HAY SCALE,

$100.00.

FREIGHT PAID

to any R. R. Station in the U. S. east of Nebraska till January, 1875. Always sold on trial. Warranted the best. Have the sense to send for our free price list; then judge.

THE JONES SCALE WORKS,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

CLOSING SALE

GREAT REDUCTION

IN PRICES.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.,

Having completed their SEMI-ANNUAL INVENTORY, will offer great inducements to purchasers for the balance of the season to

Make room for Fall Importations.

English Checked Poplins,
12½ and 15c. per yard.

Debege Grenadines,
15c. per yard.

Plain Linen Batistes,
15c. per yard.

Fancy Paris Foulards,
75c. per yard.

Black Taffeta Silks,
$1 & $1 25 per yard (value $1 25 & $1 50).

Together with all descriptions of

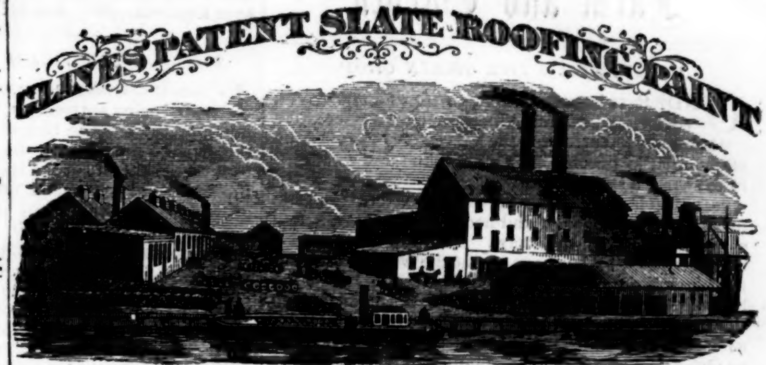
DRESS GOODS, &c.

At Equally LOW PRICES.

Broadway, Cor. 19th St.,
NEW YORK.

In the last Six Months over 40,000,000 Feet of Roofs have been covered with

GLINES' PATENT SLATE ROOFING PAINT



WHICH STOPS ALL LEAKS,

and has long been acknowledged the only *reliable* Roof Paint in the market. Is fire-proof, water-proof, durable and ornamental.
80 cents a gallon, ready for use.

Send for Testimonials.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

No charge for exclusive rights. A roof may be covered with a cheap shingle, and by application of this Slate will last from 20 to 25 years. Old roofs can be patched and coated, looking much better, and lasting longer than new shingles without the Slate, for

ONE-THIRD THE COST OF RE-SHINGLING.

The Paint is FIRE-PROOF against sparks or flying embers, as may be easily tested. And for tin or iron has no equal, as it expands by heat, contracts by cold, and *never* scales. Roofs covered with Felt can be made water-tight at a small expense, and preserved for years. This Slate Paint is

EXTREMELY CHEAP.

About two gallons covers 100 square feet of shingle roof, while on tin or iron about two quarts are required. The Paint has a heavy body, but is easily applied with a brush.

NO TAR IS USED IN THIS COMPOSITION,

therefore it neither cracks in winter, nor runs in summer. On decayed shingles it fills up the holes, and gives a new substantial roof that will last for years. *Curled* or *warped* shingles it brings to their places, and keeps them there, and although a slow dryer, rain does not affect it a few hours after applying. As nearly all Paints that are black contain *tar*, be sure you obtain our *genuine* article, which (for shingle roofs) is

CHOCOLATE COLOR,

when first applied, changing in about a month to a uniform slate color, and is, to all intents and purposes, *Slate*. On

TIN ROOFS.

Our red color is usually preferred, as one coat is equal to five of any ordinary Paint. For

BRICK WALLS,

Our *bright* red is the only reliable slate Paint ever introduced that will effectually *prevent* dampness from penetrating and discoloring the plaster. We examine roofs within 50 miles of our offices, give estimates, and when required thoroughly

REPAIR AND WARRANT ROOFS

of all kinds. Orders solicited. Correspondence invited.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON CASH PRICE LIST.

10 lb. Can Glines' Roofing Cement for large holes, $1.25.
5 Gal. and Can, Slate Roofing Paint (Boxed), $5.50.
10 Gal. and Keg, Slate Roofing Paint (Boxed), $9.50. ½ Barrel (20 Gallons), $16.00.
1 Barrel, about 40 Gallons, $30.00. 100 Square ft., 3-ply roofing, $3.50.
Fine Enamel Paint for inside use, per Gal., $2.50. Brushes, 75cts. and $1.00 each.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Orders from parties not known to us *must* be accompanied with the money or satisfactory city reference.

N.B.—The public are cautioned against parties who *copy* our advertisements or testimonials.

NEW YORK SLATE ROOFING COMPANY,

6 Cedar Street, New York; 12 Central Wharf, Boston; 188 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

$30,000

Telegraph order, delivered at New York Office, January 14th, 1874, by "Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., *Jan.* 13, 1874.

Ship 1,000 bbls. paint. Answer when. Letter by mail.

A. W. JENKINS.

(FROM A WALL STREET BANKER.)

WESTCHESTER, N. Y., *Jan.* 21, 1874.

Gentlemen—I used your Paint last Fall on a large shingle roof which leaked so badly that the carpenter said it must be new shingled. I have only to say that the roof does not leak, and the old shingles look more like slate than wood. Yours truly,

EDWARD HAIGHT.

LA GRANGE, Mo., *May* 16, 1874.

I can bear testimony to the excellence of your Slate Roofing Paint. It securely stopped all leaks in my roof, which had given me trouble for years.

P. S. CAHOON.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., *March* 2, 1874.

I used Glines' Slate Paint on the [illegible]ge I built across the Kinnerkinick in this city, and found it all that your firm recommended it to b[illegible] a first-rate article for both iron and wood." It is especially adapted for iron, *leaving a fine glossy s[illegible]ace*. It was examined by the Board of Public Works, and met their unqualified approbation. You[illegible]

JAMES DOUGLAS, Contractor.

CAMDEN, N. J., *Dec.* 24, 1873.

Dear Sir—I have used the "Gl[illegible] Patent Slate Roofing Paint" on my tin roof, and I must say it has *more* than met with my expecta[illegible], and has *fully* come up to *all* that you represented. My roof has not leaked a particle since put[illegible] it on, and now it has a coating like slate, which really makes it fire-proof. Respectfully,

JAMES P. HILLMAN, 324 Benson Street.

FREEPORT, L. I., *June* 17, 1874.

You can say just what you like in favor of Glines' Slate Paint and sign my name to it. I applied it to my tin roof, and like it better than I can express.

CARMAN PEARSALL.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., *June* 13, 1874.

I am happy to say that the roofs repaired by you last year remain tight, and have given no trouble during all of the severe storms we have experienced during the last few months. You are at liberty to refer to me, or to these roofs, at any time you choose.

D. W. THOMSON, 200 Chapel Street.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., *Oct.* 14, 1873.

Your Paint improves an old roof in usefulness and appearance.

R. N. GERE, President Syracuse Iron Works.

GEDDES, N. Y., *May* 30, 1874.

Send to R. N. & N. S. Gere, Syracuse, one barrel of your Paint for our store. You see I have some faith in it.

R. N. GERE.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, GLOUCESTER, N. J., *Dec.* 6th, 1873.

This is to certify that the roof of my house leaked very much, and has been made *perfectly tight* (at a trifling cost) by the use of "Glines' Slate Roofing Paint."

DAVID ADAMS, Mayor of Gloucester.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., *Aug.* 19, 1873.

Send us five gallons of your Slate Roofing Paint. We want to try it on the Company's iron roofs (Reis, Brown & Berger), and if satisfactory, will want large quantities of it.

HENRY REIS.

NEWCASTLE, *Sept.* 6, 1873.

BY TELEGRAPH.—*Send 20 bbls. Paint immediately.*

REIS, BROWN & BERGER.

PORT ALLEGHENY, Pa. *May* 12, 1874.

Please ship us *immediately*, two barrels of your Slate Paint, same as you sent us to Olean last year.

JEWETT & KEATING.

Farm and Garden.

HARVESTING THE GRAIN CROP.

UNDER this heading, the *Ohio Farmer* gives, editorially, the following practical advice:

"More loss has attended the harvesting of grain from allowing it to become over ripe, than from cutting it in too early a stage of growth. A greater part of the wheat crop is harvested when ripe, and not taken in until it will shell badly, and hence a loss of grain, and a lessened value in the straw. A rule we have always been governed by has been to cut the wheat as soon as the berry is out of the milk, but before the kernel has become so hardened that it cannot be mashed between the thumb and finger; and in cutting oats, to lay them as soon as two-thirds of the field had become turned or changed in color. They should not be allowed to lie in the swath any longer than is absolutely necessary to cure the straw sufficiently to prevent it from moulding in the stack or mow. Both wheat and oats should be garnered immediately after they reach a condition to make it safe to do so, as great risk attends leaving these crops in the field. We have known acre after acre of heavy wheat to be ruined by growing in the bundle, all from neglecting to garner it at the time when it was fully fitted and weather fair. Where there is barn room it is always best to put grain crops under roof, but where they have to be stacked out from necessity, the work should be done in a careful manner. The better way under most circumstances is to stack at the barn, then the grain is near the granary when it leaves the machine, and the straw may be saved where it is needed for feeding, bedding and manure.

"In building a stack of sheaves, the following rules, adopted from our own experience, will be found, perhaps, of profit to some of our inexperienced readers at this time:

"Where a pen is not used for foundation, set up two bundles against each other, and others against these until a circle is formed sloping from center to circumference, each row half the length of a sheaf further out than the one before it. Carry out the foundation in this way until it is of the desired size, and then at outside lay a double row of bundles and press them down well. The foundation being now prepared, build upon it by laying the tiers of sheaves from outside toward the center, each row lapping butts to bands. Gradually lay out until the stack has attained the height desired—that is, let each row of bundle butts project over a trifle further than the one beneath, so that the circumference of the stack will gradually increase in size as it goes up to a half-way point, and then gradually draw in until the top is reached. Caution must be used not to make the stack too flaring; it is only necessary to make a little difference in the circumference of the base and center to obtain the desired object, that of protection against heavy rain storms. When building the stack, always keep the center a little the highest and well tread down, for in this lies the great secret of having either grain or hay keep well. The outer surface, by being less compact, will settle a little more than the center, and consequently protect the whole from damage by not retaining moisture. We have found it a good plan to let one tier of bundles project some four inches at the point where it is decided to begin drawing in for the top; this furnishes what may be termed eaves. If the stack is to stand an indefinite time before threshing, it will pay to give considerable attention to thatching the top, at all events it should have a topping out of bog grass or poor hay."

HOW TO PROTECT FRUIT FROM BIRDS.

AN English writer thus describes his plan, which has proved successful, of protecting all kinds of fruit: "And what, will you think, is my talisman? Simply a ball of gray or white brown linen thread. I take a ball of this in my hand, fasten the end of it to one of the twigs of the gooseberry or currant bush, and then cross the thread backwards from twig to twig in perhaps a dozen different directions, fasten off, and the thing is done; and it will last two years—the thread on the tree, I mean. It is not necessary that the thread should be white or coarse; it ought rather to be fine and dark—a thing to be felt, not seen. I have watched the birds after performing the operation; they come boldly to settle on the trees, and they strike against these, to them, invisible snares, for such no doubt they seem to be; they fly off in a terrible hurry, and settle on the walls and trees around about, longing and getting hungry, till they disappear, and you will see them no more.

"As regards peas and other seeds which I always sow in drills, I simply stretch a thread, sometimes two, along each drill at about two inches from the ground, supporting it at that height by little forked sticks. If you put it much higher than this the birds do not seem to care for it—it does not touch them; that is the grand secret, something they do not well see, nor know what it means. I have seen people put a thick white string with feathers tied to it, and perhaps two feet from the ground. The birds soon understand these, and care little for them; in short, I know to my cost it sometimes acts as a lure, as a notice to the birds that there is something to be had worth looking after. I will answer for it, any one adopting the plan I recommend will never have cause to complain of the birds, however numerous they may be."

THE BASKET WORM ON EVERGREENS.

IF an elm, a maple, or most deciduous trees lose their spring leaves they will push out more before fall, and though the tree so losing its early foliage is somewhat injured by it, the injury is not so serious as to threaten the life of the tree. In China the leaves of the tea plant are taken off three times during the growing season, and still the plant lives for many years.

Evergreen trees are not, however, so tractable. If they once lose their leaves they are done for. We have known caterpillars to eat the foliage from the Scotch pine, and the death of the tree resulted.

We have on several occasions called attention to the injury done to the arbor-vitæs and some other evergreens by the ravages of the basket worm. This may be remedied by a few minutes employed in hand picking in the summer time. The small caterpillar commences to weave its basket at that time, increasing the size with its own growth, and feeding on the young green leaves at the same time. When about the size of peas they are readily discerned, and quite large trees may be gone over and the little pests cleared off for burning in a few moments. Evergreens attacked by them and given up to their ravages for a single season seldom recover, and it is therefore far more important to pick them off from these than from deciduous trees.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CONSUMPTION OF FEED.—A horse will consume eighteen pounds of hay and twelve quarts of mixed oats and corn, ground into coarse meal, per day. A cow will need eighteen pounds of hay and six quarts of meal if she is milking. If at pasture three quarts of meal may be profitably fed per day. One hundred hens will require one hundred bushels of corn in a year, in addition to what they can pick up on their range. They will need very little corn in the summer, but at least a quarter of a pint a day in winter. The quantity of corn needed by a hog depends much upon its size, breed, and appetite, in all of which hogs differ very much. It would be safe to allow half a bushel of corn, ground into meal, a week for a hog of 100 to 150 pounds, and more in proportion for larger ones. At fattening time there can be no limit given; the hog should have all it can be induced to eat or made to digest.

AN ASHANTEE BULL.—Stock breeders, it seems, are to have a new sensation in the way of fancy cattle. Some of the troops returning from the Ashantee campaign brought with them a bull not much larger than a good sized goat. The breed of which this animal was a specimen averages very low weight. Those furnished for the commissariat weighed about forty-seven pounds apiece when dressed and ready for cutting up.

Publisher's Department.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1874.

EXPIRATIONS.—LOOK AT THE PRINTED LABEL ON YOUR PAPER; THE DATE THEREON SHOWS WHEN THE SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES. FORWARD THE MONEY FOR RENEWAL AT LEAST TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

LOOK OUT FOR STOPPAGES!

Renew immediately, and don't run the risk of having your name taken off, and your paper stopped while your own tardiness has made the delay needed to get your name on again! Don't wait to have your paper stopped, as it must be promptly on expiration of your time. RENEW NOW!

AGENTS! AGENTS!

THE starting off of Mrs. Stowe's charming new serial in our columns is starting up a host of new subscribers. Our agents are sending in lists from every side. The story and the new premium picture, the beautiful *Easter Cross*, are giving a splendid impetus to the work.

We want more agents to push the canvass. Many persons are looking and longing for *something to do* these dull times. To all such, we offer *immediate, simple, agreeable, easy, profitable work*, requiring only honesty, energy, and intelligence. Send to us for our circulars and terms to canvassers for our paper, and you will see what the work is, and how well it pays; take an agency and you will thank us for the suggestion, while we shall also profit by your well-paid efforts. If you don't need employment yourself, do good by helping some trustworthy and intelligent young man or woman to an immediately lucrative occupation, which is of itself a benefit to the community. Send your application, or suggest to some one else to apply to J. B. Ford & Co., either at New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or San Francisco.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

THE circulation of the *Christian Union*, as is now an established fact, is more than *twice as large* as that of the largest of other weekly religious newspapers; four or five times as large as the average circulation of the fourteen largest in the country; and about *twelve times* as large as the average circulation of "American religious papers" in general; while we do not pretend to charge proportionate rates for advertising. And when we speak of "circulation," we mean our actual edition for paying subscribers; for the *Christian Union* does not carry a long list of dead subscriptions in order to make up a large-looking edition, but keeps only a live, paying, *real circulation* on its lists.

The rigid care exercised to keep out of our columns everything of an objectionable character, and to favor everything which tends to elevate, or help, or enrich the daily life of the *Family*, makes this paper a favorite both with families and with advertisers. The strongest and the best houses of the country are our strongest and best friends. They have tested the value of the paper. We are getting every little while expressions of appreciation from different advertisers.

We append a few, both old and new; the value of the old ones lying in the fact that our paper has *extended* its circulation from year to year, so that words of commendation written some time ago are even more true now than they were then!

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PAPER.

We have Vols. V., VI., and VII. of the *Christian Union* neatly and substantially *bound*, and can furnish them post-paid at $3.00 cloth, or $5.00 half morocco. Vol. VIII. also will be ready very shortly.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Subscribers should never pay any subscription money to any *Christian Union* agent upon any pretext, unless the agent delivers at the same time the premium pictures, and our regular printed form of Subscription Certificate, bearing the fac-simile signature of the publishers. Money paid without these guarantees is *at the risk of the subscriber.*

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

"OUR BOYS; OR, THE DINNER, AND THE NAP."

THESE are two new and original pictures, painted expressly for the subscribers to the *Christian Union*, by Mrs. S. ANDERSON, whose mother-heart and artist-hand have brightened so many American homes with those charming Baby-Heads now called

"*Our Girls; or, Wide Awake, and Fast Asleep.*"

Either pair of these elegant Picture Premiums *will be presented to every annual subscriber to the Christian Union.* (Subscription price $3.) Or the four pictures will be presented *to every subscriber for Two Years.* The additional price for *mounting* and *free delivery* to the subscriber will be 50 cents for each pair.

"THE LORD IS RISEN:"

A Beautiful Cross and Flower Piece.

This has hitherto been presented to every annual subscriber *to Plymouth Pulpit* (Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermons in weekly pamphlet form). It is now given to subscribers to either *Plymouth Pulpit* or *Christian Union* (subscription price for either periodical, $3.) The additional price for *mounting* and *free delivery* of this premium picture to the subscriber is 50 cents. (Size 11¼x16½ inches. Selling price in art-stores $5.)

RECAPITULATION OF PRICES.

You can get these Pictures by subscribing as follows:

1. EITHER *pair*, mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* for *one year* at..... $3 50
2. BOTH *pairs*, mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* for *two years* at..... 6 75
3. The new CROSS AND FLOWER PIECE Chromo will be DELIVERED, mounted, with the *Christian Union* or with *Plymouth Pulpit* for *one year* at..... 3 50
4. EITHER *Pair*, mounted, and the CROSS mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* and *Plymouth Pulpit*, both for *one year*, at..... 6 75
5. BOTH *Pairs*, mounted, and the CROSS mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* for *two years*, and *Plymouth Pulpit* for *one year*, at.....10 00

RECEIPTS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS must not be expected when remittances are sent by mail. Renewing subscribers will see by the change in the date of their address-label that their money has been received; new subscribers will get their paper, which is in itself a receipt. Should a formal receipt be desired, *three cents* or a *postage stamp* or postal card must be enclosed with the remittance, for that purpose.

IN CHANGING AN ADDRESS it is necessary to send the OLD as well as NEW address. The change *cannot be made* unless this is done, and it will be well always to cut from the paper the little yellow printed address-label, and paste it on the letter of instructions. In order to prevent the loss of papers, it will be well to notify the office at least *ten days* before the contemplated change, as the mail lists are prepared that much in advance of each issue.

NOTICE.—Subscribers for the CHRISTIAN UNION are requested to pay no money to an Agent on account of a subscription, until the Agent delivers our Picture-Premium and a certificate bearing the fac-simile signature of the Publishers, guaranteeing one year's service of the paper.